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DEPARTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

[We present the following account of the Davis-Greeley farce from the correspondence of the Boston *Journal*:]

RICHMOND, Va., May 12, 1867.

Jefferson Davis, who so ingloriously fled from the capital of his tottering Confederacy on the 2d of April, 1865, returned yesterday, and was received with a homage that testified the fidelity of the white Virginians to their deposed leader, and to the principles of which he is chief representative.

On Saturday morning, at 8½ o'clock, the John Sylvester, one of the steamers which plies between Norfolk and Richmond, touched at the Fortress Monroe wharf. In a few moments Mr. Davis came forth, having on one side Gen. Burton, his nominal custodian, and on the other side Judge Ould, who figured during the war as agent for exchange of prisoners. Mrs. Davis followed, escorted by Major McElrath and Surgeon Cooper, while in the rear was the General's orderly and a wagon loaded with baggage, under the charge of a colored man and his wife, who have been the servants of Mr. Davis for over a year past.

This was the quiet termination of the imprisonment at Fortress Monroe of the arch traitor, who was at first treated like a criminal, fell on prison fare and put in irons when he was refractory, but who has of late received every possible attention, and been furnished with every comfort.

On reaching the steamer Mr. Davis was informed of an event which the ancients would have regarded as a sinister augury, and which could but have impressed him. The Captain, meeting the party as they came on board, informed Mr. Davis that he had intended to have given him the exclusive use of the ladies cabin, but that a lady named Davis had been transferred from the Baltimore boat in a very feeble condition and taken into the ladies cabin, where she was then in the agonies of death. This rendered it necessary for Mr. Davis to occupy a state room, in which he had interviews with his friends. The suffering passenger breathed her last not long after the boat left Fortress Monroe.

After the steamer had started Judge Ould told the United States civil officers—Marshal Underwood and Deputy Marshal Duncan, who had come from Norfolk on the steamer—that Mr. Davis would receive them, and they visited his state room. After having been introduced, Mr. Davis said:

"I heard of your visit to the Fort yesterday, gentlemen."

Deputy Marshal Duncan replied: "I hope, sir, that the visit was not an unwelcome one."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Davis; "on the contrary it was one that I have wished for impatiently for some time. I have wished to be brought within the bounds of the law. Two years ago I saw the leaves come out on the trees within the fort, and I saw them fade and fall as Winter came on. A year ago I again saw the trees bud and the leaves burst forth, and then in the Autumn wither and fade. This year, for the third time, I have seen the bursting buds; but I assure you that I had no desire to witness again the fall of the leaf there."

"Sir," responded the Deputy Marshal, "I hope your troubles will soon be over." Then turning to Judge Ould he added: "I can say this with sincerity."

The officers then bowed and left.

I have obtained this account of the interview from one who was present, as illustrating the melo-dramatic state assumed by Mr. Davis, and the assurances of distinguished consideration which he is receiving from the officials of that republic which he plotted to destroy. This was not what "the boys in blue" bargained for when they used to go "marching on" against the enemy, and suggesting that "a sour apple tree" would make a fitting gallows for a traitor.

Mr. Davis enjoyed the pleasant voyage up the James, and went out on the upper deck at several of the landing places to receive the salutations of the gentlemen whom he recognized. Burton Harrison, formerly his private Secretary, but now practicing law in New York, had come from Norfolk on the boat and entered at once upon the discharge of former functions, writing several letters. Judge Ould, being perfectly familiar with the fortifications on the river, called attention to the most interesting points as the boat passed along, not forgetting Gen. Butler's canal through Dutch Gap, which has been recently closed by an embankment.

An excellent dinner was enjoyed by all who partook of it, and the excursion was really a very agreeable one, How different was the trip down the same river during the war to the emaciated, dying prisoners, released from Libby or from Belle Isle, after having been kept until there was little chance that they could ever recover!

Meanwhile the telegraph had announced the approaching advent of Mr. Davis at Richmond, where the political leaders of public opinion had wisely determined (to quote from one of their newspapers of that morning) "to show their regard for Mr. Davis and their appreciation of the circumstances which surround him by avoiding any mere ostentatious exhibition of that feeling toward him which is universal among us." I could not but think how the situation has changed in aspect since Mr. Davis came here from Montgomery in 1861, to establish a government whose corner-stone should be slavery. Then it was policy for the Richmond people to make an "ostentatious exhibition" of their feeling, which is now to be concealed.

In 1861, as now, Mr. Davis had the entire first floor of the Spottswood Hotel placed at his disposal, for the accommodation of himself and suite, with a private table for them.

The dilapidated wharf of the James river line of steamers is at the lower extremity of Richmond, known as Rocketts. On Saturday afternoon there was a cordon of sentinels posted around the approaches to the wharf from the 29th Regular Infantry. On the wharf there was a gathering of newspaper men, representing the leading journals in the country, with several of the army officers stationed here. Three carriages were in waiting for Mr. Davis and party, and the Hon. James Lyons, who was a leading member of the Confederate Congress, had come in his carriage to escort Mrs. Davis, with his wife, who is a sister to Mrs. Gov. Wise.

It was a lovely afternoon, the bright green foliage of the trees on the opposite bank was agitated by a gentle breeze, and the usually sluggish current of the James was rapid and swollen, owing to the recent rains.

At 5½ o'clock the expected steamer hove in sight, with the stars and stripes floating proudly above her. She also carried a white flag, on which was portrayed a man on horseback, which the strangers present thought was a representation of Mr. Davis, as he was prophetically announced by Gen. Cushing, but we were told that it was the private signal of the line—the device being a mounted mail carrier.

After a few moments delay, Mr. Davis came from the boat arm in arm with Gen. Burton, two policemen flanking them. They entered a fine open barouche drawn by a pair of grays, and were accompanied by Dr. Cooper and Mr. Harrison. Gen. Burton's orderly mounted the box with the driver, and off they started, followed by an escort of a company of regular light artillery mounted as dragoons. In the rear of the escort came the other carriages. There was quite a crowd on the wharf and in the vicinity, including many freed people.

The procession moved along the river side until it had passed Libby Prison, and then came up to Main street, which was traversed until the Spottswood Hotel was reached. The horses moved at a slow trot, giving the crowds, who had left the sidewalks and were on the pavement on either side, a good chance to see "our President," as he is called. Nearly every white man raised his hat as Mr. Davis passed—a homage which he acknowledged by gracious bows.

On reaching the hotel, quite a crowd had collected about the ladies entrance, and the police had some difficulty in opening a way from the carriage to the hotel. As Mr. Davis alighted, there was a subdued cry of "Hats off!" and the faithful uncovered.

When Mr. Davis entered the hotel in 1861 the crowd called on him for a speech, which he made; but last night it would neither have been politic to have called on him for a speech or proper for him to have made one.

During Saturday evening many old friends of Mr. Davis called to pay their respects, and he held quite a reception. He has changed very much in his personal appearance since he left the Senate to head the rebellion. The haughty and restless intriguer—"pride in his port, defiance in his eye"—is now a white haired, anxious looking old gentleman, who appears to expect salutations, and to be anxious to acknowledge them with proper dignity. Mrs. Davis, who dresses in black, appears to be in excellent health and spirits, and plays her part with condescending dignity.

The military custodian of the prisoner appeared in nowise concerned about any attempt at an escape or a rescue, and his entire force was a veteran orderly of the artillery persuasion, whose blue uniform was evidently not an agreeable sight to the numerous scions of the chivalry who hang about the hotel, hoping to get sight of "our President."

There was an attempt made on Saturday night by the Police, nearly all of whom were in the rebel army, to get up a negro riot. It is not agreeable to the old politicians to have Northern men come here to instruct the newly made colored citizens in their rights and their duties, and they are endeavoring to create the idea that a conflict of races is to take place. On Saturday night a valiant policeman professed to have been knocked down by a brickbat, and to have then shot the negro who had assailed him, but I cannot learn that either a wounded man or a corpse has been found. The only instance in which inflammatory language has been used by any Northern man in addressing the colored people was on Friday night, when a lawyer named Zedekiah K. Hayward, who hails from Massachusetts, did make use of some strong expressions. Gen. Schofield had a city reporter, who took notes of this speech, make an affidavit to the correctness of his report, and on that information a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr. Hayward by Mayor Joe Mayo, who still administers justice, although he cannot order the whip to be used as in olden times. The warrant charges Hayward with "unlawfully inciting and recommending, by speeches and representations, publicly made in a large meeting of persons assembled in the city of Richmond, to acts of violence, insurrection and war." Mr. Hayward was held to bail on his own recognizance to appear on Monday morning for trial.

Gen. Schofield is evidently aroused at least at the aspect of affairs here, and has applied to the city authorities for leave to encamp a military force on one of the squares, that they may be ready. From what I can learn, the colored men are quiet and orderly, but at the same time they are learning that they have rights, and they are determined to assert those rights.

There was a large funeral procession of colored men to-day, escorted by a battalion of dismounted cavalry and several benevolent societies. Before the procession was formed the military and civil societies had their dress parades, and displayed proficiency in military tactics. The procession marched past the window of "Our President," and if Mr. Davis condescended to look out, he must have regretted that he did not early in the war liberate and arm the slaves.

The lawyers engaged for the prosecution, and those engaged for the defence of Mr. Davis have had several conferences to-day, but as yet neither side has announced what it intends to do. District Attorney Chandler had a long interview in Washington on Saturday with the Attorney-General, and will appear for the United States, aided by Mr. Evarts of New York, Charles O'Connor, Robert Ould, George Shea and William B. Reed, with others as advisers, will conduct the defence.

It is understood that Mr. Davis will be produced in court to-morrow morning by Gen. Burton, in obedience to the writ of *habeas corpus*, and that Judge Underwood will order his release. Deputy Marshal Duncan will then immediately arrest him on a writ which has been prepared on an indictment for treason, found by the Grand Jury at the term of District Court held at Norfolk last year. The great question is whether or not Judge Underwood will permit Mr. Davis to be bailed. It has been positively asserted that the Judge is a believer in the Andrew Johnson doctrine that "Treason is a crime and should be made odious," and that he will not hesitate to commit the arch traitor to Libby Prison. The friends of Mr. Davis hope, however, to mollify the Judge through his old friend Horace Greeley, who is here ready to give bail, in company with Augustus Schell.

Mr. Greeley is stopping at Exchange hotel with some of the counsel for Mr. Davis, and endeavored to keep his presence here a secret, declining to register his name; but he was recognized this morning at the church of Dr. Howard, a noted secessionist, and the Richmond people are jubilant over their new ally. It really seems strange to find Mr. Greeley here on such an errand.

Mr. Davis has been holding a reception all of to-day, and his admirers compare him to Napoleon on his return to Paris from Elba. They forget that he may find a Waterloo in the court room, and a Wellington in Judge Underwood. The military who profess to have him in custody have left him to do as he pleases, while they have a jolly good time. Mr. Davis has been remembered by his lady friends, who have sent him bouquets and dainty dishes with affectionate messages. Never was a prisoner treated with such distinguished consideration.

There was a large audience at the African Church to-night, and after the sermon, in response to calls, brief addresses were made by Judge Underwood and Horace Greeley. Judge Underwood in his remarks alluded to a rumor which had reached the military officers that the colored people contemplated riot to-morrow, in which case artillery was to be brought to bear upon them. The Judge expressed his belief that this was an invention of those who desired that there should be a riot, and he cautioned those present to preserve the peace.

Mr. Greeley also counseled obedience to the laws and good order, and the earnest responses gave assurance that there was no intention to disturb the peace.

Col. Joe Davis of Mississippi is with his brother Jefferson Davis at the Spottswood Hotel.

Gerrit Smith is expected here to-morrow to join Messrs. Greeley and Schell on the bail bond, if one is given. The indication, as I close this dispatch at midnight, is that there will be no trial at present, and that bail will be accepted.

PERLEY.

THE TRIAL OF JEFF. DAVIS—A DIGNIFIED EXIT FOR THE ARCH-REBEL—THE SCENE IN THE COURT ROOM—NOTED VISITORS PRESENT—ARRAIGNMENT OF THE PRISONER—PLEA OF MR. O'CONNOR FOR HIS RELEASE ON BAIL—THE REQUEST GRANTED—BAIL FIXED AT ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

RICHMOND, Va., May 13, 1867.

We have a bright warm morning for the commencement of the last act in the melo drama of secession, in which the principal actor will be permitted, if I mistake not, to make a dignified and decorous exit from his unsuccessful attempt to rule the republic and from his successful attempt to ruin his deluded followers. They adhere to their deposed leader, however, with remarkable fidelity, and each one appears to be impressed with the idea that he, with every other confederate, is to be placed on trial to-day, when Mr. Davis enters the prisoners' box.

Sixty years have elapsed since another distinguished Democrat, Aaron Burr, was tried in Richmond for treason; he also having failed to be elected President of the United States, and then endeavored to establish a new government, of which he hoped to be the head. There had previously been several trials for treason; in 1795 Vigol and Mitchell, two leaders of the whiskey insurgents, were judicially convicted of high treason, and in 1799 John Fries, also of Pennsylvania, was tried and sentenced to death.

The trial is to take place in the United States Court House, a three story fire-proof granite building, erected in 1856, which stood unscathed during the great fire at the rebel evacuation. The Post Office is in the lower story, and in the third story is the Court room, with offices for the Judge, District Attorney and Clerks. The Judge's room was occupied by Mr. Davis when he was here as President, as his private office. The Court room is about fifty feet square with a high ceiling supported by iron columns. In front of the Judge's bench is a large inclosure for the members of the Bar, outside of which spectators have standing room. The prisoner's box is in the corner at the left of the Bench, and the reporters have the place usually occupied by the jurors.

At 9½ o'clock the members of the Bar began to arrive with the members of the press and the officers not on duty, some of whom were accompanied by ladies. The entrance of Mr. Hunnicutt, of the *New Nation*, created a sensation among the lawyers, who regard him as the great obstacle in the work of making the colored voters the political slaves of those who were once their lawful owners.

Prominent among the members of the Richmond Bar were John Mitchell, who was to have secured an alliance between Louis Napoleon and the Confederacy, Gen. Imboden; one of the most dashing rebel Dragoons, Judge W. H. Lyons, of what is known as the Hustings Court, Patrick Henry Aylett, whose poisonous pen has done much to engender hatred, Gen. Fitz Lee, a nephew of "Massa Bob," the two Gilmers, father and son, and Joseph Segar, of Norfolk.

The Grand Jury, among whom are five very intelligent colored men, occupy seats at the right of the bench. When the spectators were admitted, it was a noticeable fact that there was no distinction of color among them. At 10½ o'clock a detachment of the Eleventh Infantry arrived, and sentinels were posted around the Court House with a reserve in the Public Square, near by. Gen. Schofield, accompanied by his staff, were at the Court House. Among the notable men who had received cards of admission, were Gov. Pierpont, Rev. Dr. Minnegrode and Dr. Maddox, who killed a Union Paymaster in the streets of Alexandria a year or two ago.

The District Attorney is L. H. Chandler, Esq., a Massachusetts man, well known in Boston in old Whig times as an active politician. He has for some years past been a citizen of Norfolk—that is, when he could reside there—and he is now member elect of the House of Representatives from that District.

Associated with him is William M. Evarts, of New York, who has the credit of having arranged this case, so that it is to be conducted on high judicial points.

The counsel for the prisoner have a large table in front of the Bench for their use. Charles O'Conor, tall and slender-like, his head silvered by time; Robert Ould, portly and dignified; John Randolph Tucker, who is regarded as a representative of the chivalry, and the indefatigable George Shea, who has done the work in the case. With them were seated William B. Reed and several other Democratic lawyers, who desire to show their devotion to Mr. Davis by volunteering their services.

By 11 o'clock the Court room was densely crowded, and it was with difficulty that Mr. Greeley, who came late, could make his way to a seat reserved for him with the counsel for the prisoner. Then the Judge entered and Deputy Marshal Duncan commanded silence in the usual form, ending with "God save the United States."

Judge Underwood's face and figure remind Bostonians of Richard Henry Dana, Jr. He wears his full beard, and his long locks are combed back from a fine forehead. He was born in Herkimer county, N. Y., where he studied law, but afterward came to Virginia as a tutor and married one of his pupils. Settling in the valley of Virginia thirty years ago, he soon became prominent as a friend of education and of emancipation. No man fears responsibility less in what he thinks is right, and although he has at times uttered unpleasant truths, his criticisms on Virginia politicians and on the vicious results of the barbarism of slavery have been none the less truths.

Gen. Burton next entered the Court room in undress uniform, followed by the prisoner. Mr. Davis was dressed in black, with a black slouched hat and green gloves. He carried a cane and appeared emaciated and feeble. Deputy Marshal Duncan escorted him to the prisoner's dock, where he took a chair, Mr. Harrison, his Private Secretary, sitting at his right hand, while Deputy Marshal Duncan sat on his left. Gen. Burton, erect and soldier-like, stood near by.

Judge Underwood directing that the routine business of the Court be dispensed with, Gen. Burton left the prisoner's dock with Mr. Davis, and he was formally presented to the Court and surrendered to the civil authorities.

Judge Underwood eloquently thanked Gen. Burton for his graceful compliance with the order of the Court, so characteristic of an American officer, and observing that the civil power was now supreme, he directed the Deputy Marshal to serve a writ against the prisoner.

Deputy Marshal Duncan handed Mr. Davis the writ, which he took, bowed acknowledgment, and handed it to Mr. O'Conor. Mr. O'Conor said the counsel for the prisoner were ready for trial. Mr. Evarts said that the counsel for the prosecution were not ready to proceed with the trial at this term. Mr. O'Conor then eloquently asked that Mr. Davis, who has been so long imprisoned, and who has so long vainly endeavored to receive a trial, might be admitted to bail. He spoke in a low, persuasive tone, addressing the Court with marked deference, and expressing a desire for a trial, but pleading that the bail to be offered by men of all political parties would be accepted. The prisoner was eulogized as a man of high honor, whose constitution is not vigorous, whatever may be said of his mental organization, and who has already suffered the pangs of imprisonment so harsh to a free born American. In conclusion he complimented Gen. Burton.

Mr. Grant next addressed the Court, alluding to the recent statute of treason, which names a penalty less than death, giving the Court authority to punish by fine or imprisonment. This makes the case a bailable one, and he evidently hoped the prisoner would be bailed.

District Attorney Chandler followed in the same strain, concluding by moving that bail be received in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. A portion of this bail, he said, should be given by residents in this judicial district, on which point there was the usual pleasant little legal sparring between the counsel.

Judge Underwood briefly reviewed the case, which had been delayed by the unsettled state of the country caused by the war. Now there was a prospect of permanent peace, and an impartial trial could take place.

He placed the responsibility of the delay with the General government; for the District Attorney was anxious to proceed to trial. He was willing that one hundred thousand dollars bail should be accepted with a portion of the sureties in this State.

Gen. Burton stepped up to Mr. Davis and shook hands with him, which was the commencement of a general congratulation, John Minor Botts and Horace Greeley being among the first. The countenance of Davis was radiant with smiles, and his deportment was admirable. The bond was then signed at 12½ o'clock.

Mr. O'Conor theatrically called the names on his list, and one by one the solid men of Richmond came forward; the bond which they signed is a temporary one, I believe. They were J. I. Jackman, W. H. Macfarland, H. R. Haxell, Isaac Davenport, Thomas R. Price, Abraham Warwick, Gustavius A. Myers, W. H. Crump, James D. Jones, Jas. Thomas, John E. Meredith, Wm. Allen, W. H. Lyons, John Minor Botts, and Thomas Doswell. When this autographic task had been accomplished and announced, Judge Underwood said: "The Marshal will discharge the prisoner."

The well-known bloody veil, which our boys in blue used to hear on bloody fields, resounded through the Court, and the grave lawyers applauded with the rest. Mr. Davis was then taken by his friends through the crowd from the Court, and as he descended the stairs, the cheering was taken up by the assembled crowd, while all stood uncovered. He was escorted to his carriage, which was driven along Court street to the Spottswood Hotel. Mr. Harrison, who sat on a box, waved a white silk handkerchief, and there was a continuous roar of applause until Mr. Davis was again in his room a free man.

SICKLY SYMPATHY.

From the American Baptist.

THE recent action of Horace Greeley and others of that ilk in becoming surety for the arch traitor of the South, is exciting very general comment, as it well may. That a man of such radical antecedents as Mr. Greeley developed more or less spasmodically during the progress of the war, should now go cringing to the feet of the leading spirit in that outrage against all decency and civilization, might naturally be supposed to provoke the severest criticism; and when such men thus virtually apostatize from the faith, thus in effect fling themselves athwart the onward way of a people not yet so befuddled with false philanthropy as to ignore the claims of justice and neglect the precautions of safety, they must expect, as they certainly will experience, the rough and tumble treatment of an outraged and correct public sentiment. We have already had too much of this sickly sentimentality in our management of this rebellion and the wicked men who instigated and conducted it. There are some men so tender-hearted that they are ready to sacrifice the inexorable demands of justice and right to the mawkish sensibility of what they dignify with the title of magnanimity, forgetting in the overweening sympathy for an individual and deserving sufferer the dearest interests of a great nation, still smarting under wrongs unatoned for and still awaiting the vindication of laws too long violated and trampled under foot. If there ever was or ever can be such a crime as treason under a republican government, then this government has experienced it; and if there ever was a cool, calculating, unscrupulous, devilish traitor, shrinking from no violence and villany, hesitating at no amount of cruelty and bloodshed, laying his accursed and cursing hand upon everything sacred in human life, blasting, blighting and desolating his fostering fatherland like the breath of the Upas tree, that wretch is Jefferson Davis, the murderous, heartless, unrepentant traitor, whom Mr. Greeley is so anxious to restore to confidence and respectability. Well, Mr. Greeley cannot do it; no, nor a thousand Greeleys, with all the power and prestige of his great name, shall ever force upon the confidence and acceptance of the intelligent American people this forfeit villain whose hands are reeking and whose skirts are stiff with the blood of their brothers and sons. He may burden his broad shoulders with a share of the odium of the criminal he sympathizes with so tenderly; but he can never, never, never whitewash this grim sepulchre so effectually that the people will not know that within it all is rottenness and dead men's bones. The atrocious character of the slaveholders' rebellion, the heartless ambition that underlay it, and the monstrous cruelties that distinguish it, have been too deeply written upon the hearts of this generation to be forgotten, and though Mr. Greeley may bury all remembrance in the profound depths of an oblivious sympathy, he must not expect the loyal people to take the hand or kiss the toe of this butcher of their children.

We are not arguing against the propriety of admitting Jeff. Davis to bail. This is not the question with which we have now to do. But supposing it to be perfectly proper, there was undoubtedly sufficient funds among the friends who had stood by him and upheld his dripping hands to have answered the requisition of the bonds, moneyed men who might with some degree of consistency have tendered their support and encouragement now as they did when his paracidal hand was raised in rebellion against his government and country. There was no shadow of necessity that Mr. Greeley and his loyal confreres should be so very forward to testify their sympathy and fellowship with a man whose character, blackened with the foulest crimes, is an object of execration to the loyal millions. It may or may not be that Mr. Davis was really the wickedest of all the traitors of the South. It is quite possible that they upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were not sinners above all other men; but Mr. Davis was the head and front of this offending, the representative man of Southern treason, assuming that position with a full consciousness of the prime responsibility it involved, and no loyal man can strike hands with him without virtually recognizing and justifying his execrable crimes. The great struggle from which we have just emerged was not merely a conflict of opinions, but the struggle of a great nation for life against the murderous intent of blood-thirsty men, actuated by the most malignant and fiendish passions that ever drove men to deeds of violence. Now that the whirlwind of war is over, men may try to soften and tone down the atrocity of this crime with the dulcet logic of false philanthropy, and wheedle and fawn and "crook the pregnant hinges of knaves where thrift may follow fawning," but in the face of this false, impudent and impotent logic towers the black and ghastly record of Fort Pillow, Andersonville, Salisbury and New Orleans, and no amount of sentimental nonsense can hide or obscure the terrible lesson they teach. No, the gulf between treason and loyalty is like the gulf between heaven and hell; and no pitying Lazarus shall go down to the voluptuous Dives with its cooling balm or drop of water to cool the parched tongue. No man shall link himself to the body of this atrocious treason and traitor of his purity and loyalty; for, whatever be his motives, he is false to the spirit of freedom, false to the principles for which the loyal thousands suffered martyrdom, and false to the blood which calls from the ground for justice on the foes of God and man. No man, whatever may be his position, has any moral right to identify himself in such an expression of sympathy with such a man as Davis, particularly when such a demonstration is entirely officious and supererogatory; and it is especially unfortunate and mortifying that a man occupying so prominent a position among loyal men as Mr. Greeley does, should descend to such little business. He may be, and doubtless is, actuated by good motives, but the course he has taken was wrong, and deserves the severest criticism; for antecedents, however honorable, must never be allowed to lay a finger upon the lips of reproof and blunt the keen edge of a just censure.

EXIT THE "GREAT PRISONER!"

From the Boston Commonwealth.

IF it shall ever be urged against us that we are an ungenerous people, the treatment accorded to Jefferson Davis will refute it; for in all our political history there has been nothing that equals the leniency that has been shown this man. Sixty years ago, Aaron Burr sought the dismemberment of the Union at the Southwest for a new commercial power at the mouth of the Mississippi; but he, with a far less guilty purpose than actuated Jefferson Davis, had to undergo the forms and annoyances of a State trial; while our modern disunionist, seamed all over with the blood of his fellow-countrymen, *looks* but inside a Court-room, is held in a less amount of bail than is daily risked by a single individual on the stock operations of the street, finds a host of sympathizing friends, with money in their hands, ready to become his sureties, and passes from the Court House to the parlors of the Spotswood House to receive the congratulations of his friends!

Of course, this is the last of the trial of Jeff. Davis. He goes, with all his crimes, a free man among his admiring constituency. The government cannot afford to try him; for if the indictment fail, or the verdict be in his favor, then the rebellion was not a crime, and the national authorities the party in error. This is a logical and legal risk the loyalty of the nation cannot take. And so, amid the men that were his advisers and supporters during the rebellion, with his cunning talents stirring up to mischief henceforward, with all the lackeys of the North, with Franklin Pierce at their head and Horace Greeley at the tail, paying court to his person, he will live unmolested, a greater man than when he swayed the destinies of the rebellion, because relieved of the responsibility of administration while his every desire is respected as the voice of the baffled, yet still defiant, "Confederacy" concentrated in his person.

With what thoughts of horror is a review of the atrocities of this man made! His edicts against the peaceful Union men of Virginia, driving all from their homes who espoused not secession; his blood-thirsty fulmination against Gen. Butler, suggesting assassination of that officer; his inexorable persistence in refusing an exchange of our prisoners; his unparalleled atrocities upon the sufferers of Libby Prison, Salisbury and Andersonville—in each and all of his official acts—how the imperious and malignant spirit of this man shot forth to scathe, blast and destroy the national government and all who defended it! Wirtz and Gee were but the tools of his wrath; *yet they* were condemned, and *he*, the arch-villain of the rebellion, escapes, and is deified.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and nothing but unbounded faith in his overruling providence contents us with the mockery just enacted at Richmond. Not that we crave unnecessary severity; not that we desire even Jefferson Davis's incarceration; but we do ask, with the loyal millions of the North, that rebellion shall not, by such proceedings as this week taken at Richmond, be elevated into a merit, and that the most virulent foe the nation holds within its border shall be deemed guilty of an offence less heinous than daily receives the attention of the pettiest cheats in the land! And both these declarations are made when such a culprit as Jefferson Davis is held in one hundred thousand dollars for trial, and the continent is given him for his parole-limits.

THE CASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

From the Rochester Express.

Is there such a thing as a just execution of civil law for the punishment of crime? Strangely enough, this seems to be the question now in dispute. A certain class of journals in their comments on the case of Jefferson Davis, and in advocating his release, seem to assume that they enjoy a monopoly—not only of benevolence but of justice, and that all who think that Mr. Davis deserves and should receive a more exemplary punishment than a two years light imprisonment, do so through blind rage and bigoted persecution. They do not seem to comprehend that their "unfortunate" *prolege* and friend has been guilty of *crime* rather than a youthful indiscretion, and that the law, and not private vengeance is chiefly concerned in bringing him to trial. We should be angry at this monstrous assumption of our opponents, did we not remember that their mistaken view fixes their position and not ours; and that we can urge the trial and punishment of Mr. Davis with the purest motives, and entirely without the ignorant and brutal thirst for blood, which they would impute to us. We do not claim to be wholly impartial—we have had too many friends killed in the late war, too many who suffered from imprisonment and starvation, and we sympathize too deeply with the universal feeling of the American people, to pretend to a cool and philosophical indifference with regard to the author of so much misery and so many crimes. Mr. Davis is a criminal, and is entitled to the rights of a criminal; but we know of nothing in the character of the crimes of the man to justify the sickly sentimentalism of those who regard him as a hero or a martyr. We throw no halo of borrowed light around that bad man's head; we are probably somewhat prejudiced against him, and should certainly feel rather ashamed of ourselves if we were not; but diverting our minds as far as possible of all passion, and viewing Mr. Davis in the broadest light, we still think that a blunder almost equal to a crime has been made in his release.

For we believed and still believe, that in the name of law which he has outraged, and for the perpetuity of the government which he attempted to destroy. Jefferson Davis should have been tried, convicted and hanged. Of his guilt in the commission of great crimes, no sane or loyal man can doubt. Why then was he not brought to trial? As a criminal, no matter how bad he may have been, he was entitled to this; still more were the American people entitled to it for security against such crimes hereafter. And the manner in which the trial has been postponed and avoided makes the fact all the more objectionable. The release of Jefferson Davis comes now after two years of weary waiting, when indignation against his crimes has been cooled and a maudlin sympathy for the "unfortunate prisoner" has been excited. It comes not in the magnanimity of strength; but as the confession of conscious weakness. For there is a way in which this government might have honorably and even nobly released its great enemy; but it is not by letting him loose on one hundred thousand dollars bail, nor by the way President Lincoln suggested, of allowing him to "escape unbeknown to us." When Jefferson Davis was captured two years ago, there was a universal feeling that he ought to be tried, convicted and hung. His rebel associates were thoroughly humiliated, and however earnest they might be to save their own necks, none of them presumed to put in a plea for him. The copperheads were worse defeated than the rebels, and did not dare to say a word for their chief. Some of them were genuinely indignant at Jeff. Davis as the author of their political misfortunes, while many more were busily and fiercely denouncing him, in the hope of making him a scape-goat for their own political sins. Then almost everybody was bitterly demanding vengeance against Davis, and the solitary friendship of Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith and a very few others was certainly respectable if not glorious. Then, when there was no question as to the right to hang Davis, was the time, if ever, to release him, not "on bail," but fully and freely, as an enemy to the government, too powerless to injure it, and whom the country in its strength could afford to forgive and forget, consigning him to the insignificance of oblivion. That was the only time and way in which the rebel chieftain could have been honorably released, and even under such circumstances it would have been a most questionable policy. But times have changed since then. Jefferson Davis, a prisoner at Fortress Monroe is not so weak nor insignificant as Jefferson Davis running away from Richmond. Two years imprisonment has with many transformed the traitor into a martyr, or has at least made his treason respectable. Two years of Andrew Johnson's apostacy has revived the rebellion, and unloosed the tongue, if not the fangs of copperheads. Rebels who two years ago were mainly anxious to save their necks from a halter and their property from confiscation, are now clamoring for seats in Congress, and they want to place the prisoner of Fort Monroe in the Senate or the White House. The Northern apologists of the rebellion have again begun to sympathize with and apologize for their old leader. "His imprisonment," they say "is hard, his treatment is cruel, and the government is a tyrant for keeping him so long without giving him a hearing." It needs only one step more to land the rebel chieftain as a glorious patriot and statesman, and some copperheads do not hesitate to take this last step. In this a time when the punishment of a crime which has already so many apologists, can be safely forborne? We do not fear the success of rebels and copperheads; we have too great confidence in the loyalty and intelligence of the American people for that. But the government is not strong enough against the rampant rebel spirit to warrant it in showing such mistaken lenity to its foes.

For the release of Jeff. Davis is not done in the strength, but in the weakness of the government. He was set free, not because the government was in no danger, but because it dared not bring him to trial. So at least the world will say, and we are not sure it is not right. The government holds a prisoner two years on the gravest charges, pays a heavy reward for his capture, gives him no chance for defence, and finally releases him without a word of explanation. On such a showing, if the country did not know his guilt, Mr. Davis and his friends might plausibly urge that he was an injured and persecuted man.

And the manner of his release! That is worst of all. He is set at liberty on bail of one hundred thousand dollars. We will not say it is straw bail, for Horace Greeley alone is worth half a million, and the names on the bond are good for millions. But if Jeff. Davis should conclude to stay in Canada, where it is said he is going, everybody knows that his bail would not probably be called on to pay the forfeit. Davis in Canada would be regarded as a political offender, and extradition treaties could not reach him. The starving rebels of the South would easily make his bondsmen good if he concluded to stay, and our government demanded the money. No one now believes that Davis will ever be brought to trial in any Court. So far the moral of a four years war is to be pointed by making the head of the rebellion and his friends pay a fine of one hundred thousand dollars for trying to destroy the government, with a very strong probability against getting even that. One hundred thousand dollars! The figures bring unpleasant thoughts and suggestions to our mind. Jefferson Davis murdered four hundred thousand Union soldiers, and his bail is consequently twenty-five cents for each. Oh shame on such a sham! If Jefferson Davis is never to be tried at all, as nobody now believes he will be, better a thousand times that he should be set free without any bail, than to put in a bond that nobody ever means to collect, and that would be only hateful and abominable if the money ever was collected. What would the government do with the money—the price of so much blood? Away with such compromises and dodges. Let the great traitor be tried and hung, or else set him unconditionally free as a man who has committed no crime and is worthy no punishment. But if Jeff. Davis is to be so released, repeal the laws against treason, and let our government never dare to talk again of punishing rebels.

JUDGE KELLEY IN MOBILE.

THE DISTURBANCE IN MOBILE—THE REBELS OPPOSED TO FREE SPEECH—PARTICULARS OF THE AFFAIR.

A MOBILE dispatch to the New York *Herald*, gives the following account of the disturbance which took place there on Tuesday evening, and which was entirely provoked by the rebel population of that city:

A murderous and bloody affair occurred here this evening. A desperate attack was made upon Judge Kelley and the body of gentlemen who surrounded him on the steps of the old court-house, at the corner of Government and Royal streets, during the meeting held this evening.

The Judge had been speaking about a quarter of an hour in a frank and temperate manner, when there appeared to be a disposition to create a disturbance on the outskirts of the meeting. Cries of "Put him down!" were heard, to which Mr. Kelley replied: "I tell you that you cannot put me down. The 15th Infantry are at my back, and if they cannot keep the peace in Mobile, the United States army can."

The tumult suddenly broke out at this point by a sudden rush towards the platform, and a general scattering of the crowd. About a hundred people were on the platform, including many eminent citizens. This rush seemed to be the signal for the *melée* to commence. The chief of police attempted to arrest a ringleader on the borders of the crowd, and he drew a pistol on him. The cry of "fire!" was then raised at the corner of Royal street, and instantly a perfect fusilade of pistols was opened on the crowd who occupied the platform. In a moment a colored man fell, being struck in the head. Again the cry of "O God!" and a heavy fall announced that another had been laid low. Some friends dragged Judge Kelley from out of the range of fire, and finally succeeded in getting him away unharmed.

For several minutes the fire continued to be directed to the platform, the occupants of which were hastily making their escape, while others endeavored to protect themselves by getting behind the table, which afforded little protection, as those nearest the platform were evidently firing under it. One man was badly wounded by a shot thus aimed, and a ball glanced off a water-bucket which fortunately stood between your correspondent's head and the assassin's benevolent intentions.

The firing by this time was directed right and left among the crowd in the street, who were flying in all directions. There seemed to be no attempt on the part of the police to arrest the violence, or if there was it was ineffectual, for the rebels had it all their own way.

It is impossible to tell at this hour how many were shot. I saw three fall in my immediate vicinity; but I occupied the place of a target. I saw one poor boy carried off the ground moaning piteously.

It was evidently a preconcerted affair, and was probably stimulated by incendiary articles in the rebel press for the past few days.

Col. Sheppard, who commands the military here, at once dispatched a body of troops to the Battle House, where Judge Kelley is stopping. They are now on the ground in front of the hotel, where Col. Sheppard has taken up quarters for the night.

The city at present is quiet. The Republican party is not as strong here as in New Orleans. All the municipal offices are filled by secessionists, whose hostility to the government has not abated a jot. Even some of those who have accepted pardons, with all its sworn obligations, are still, in word and action, it is said, bitterly opposed to the legislation of Congress, and to a great extent socially taboo the loyalists.

It is complained that Gen. Swayne does not exercise his power sufficiently, under the Military bill, for the protection of the loyal people. No steps have yet been taken for registering voters in Alabama. In Louisiana it progresses rapidly, the colored people exceeding the whites on the list, so far, by a large majority. A disposition to do full justice to the negro in New Orleans was evinced yesterday by the appointment of two colored inspectors of customs by Judge Kellogg, collector, and the promotion of a colored clerk. Mayor Heath, I understand, designs to throw open the public schools indiscriminately to white and blacks in a short time. Exclusiveness has been a cause of complaint by the colored population, who pay fifty per cent. of the school tax, and now cannot educate a child in the common schools. This reform is mainly due to the harmonious influence of Judge Kelley's visit.

Mr. Kelley attempted to speak here this evening, at the corner of Government and Royal streets, to a very large audience of both colors. Col. Sheppard, who is in command of the United States troops, kindly sent the band of the 15th Infantry to the meeting, which enlivened the occasion with some fine music. Gustavus Horton

found, impressive, determined. No halting, hesitancy nor shuffling. It was a solemn breathing of free minds to make our country a home of justice, freedom and progress."

WENDELL PHILLIPS TELLING TOO MUCH.

From the New York Herald.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is, indeed, the *enfant terrible* of the Republican party. He talks too much for their comfort, and is constantly disclosing the weak points of their position, how they may be surprised, or flanked, or divided in a vigorous assault upon their centre. In the double character of their pioneer and their whipper-in, he gives them no rest. While the abolition of slavery was the test he lashed them and berated them upon that issue, night and day and from year to year, till slavery was abolished. President Lincoln he said, was some four years ago like a tortoise shut up in his shell, only a coal of fire on his back would start him, and none who stood in the way of the speediest abolition of slavery escaped the philippics of Phillips. As soon as slavery was swept away, in the rapid course of events of the last two years of the war, Phillips advanced to his next ultimatum of negro suffrage. Two years more, and a Republican Congress embody this idea of negro suffrage as the basis of Southern reconstruction. Here the Republican party expect the privilege of a little rest from their labors, and a little time to cast about them before taking a new departure; but there is no rest for them. "Old Thad Stevens" steps out in front of their lines and plants his standard of Southern confiscation, and Phillips advances a mile farther and plants his standard of forty acres of land each for the freedmen, which is also the grand consummation held in reserve by Stevens.

Here we get at the secret of the hue and cry of Phillips against Gen. Grant for the next Presidency. Grant is too liberally disposed towards the South—he is too anxious by half for the restoration of the outside States on the terms laid down by Congress. Phillips, Stevens, and their extreme followers want something more. Grant's policy is not their policy, and he is not their man. He is the great impediment to their designs, and hence Phillips opens the ball for the removal of this obstruction. It is evident, too, from the vigorous fire which he keeps up against Grant, and from the responses here and there, that Phillips has his confederates in the Republican camp, under the wing of Stevens, Butler, Sumner, or other radical chiefs in Congress. There will, from all the signs of the times, be a split in the Republican party upon this issue. What then? We may then look for the triumphant election of Grant by a junction of the South with the great Northern Central States and the great West on the Grant conservative Republican ticket. The name of Grant is already becoming popular for the succession in the South. The white people of that section have had enough of the Northern copperhead democracy, and enough of the threats of Stevens and Phillips and their extreme radical school, and the Southern blacks know how much they are indebted for their freedom to Gen. Grant. Let Phillips, then, keep up his hue and cry. It will only serve to rally the great mass of the Republican party, and the Southern States, in their work of reconstruction, around the banner of Grant.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN MISSOURI.

From the St. Louis Republican, May 20th.

A MEETING of the women of this city was held in the Directors' room of the Mercantile Library Hall for the purpose of forming an association for advocating the right of women to the ballot, and recommending such measures as will secure the right to the women of Missouri. The meeting having been called to order, Mrs. Clapp was elected to the chair, and Mrs. Geo. D. Hall requested to act as Secretary. The object of the meeting was then stated, and the following declaratory resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The subject of universal suffrage is now attracting the attention of the leading minds of this nation, causing the revision of Constitutions both of the General and State governments; and

Whereas, We believe that the true idea of a republic is achieved only when the elective franchise is impartially bestowed—and,

Whereas, Women are subjects of taxation, and are made amenable to the laws—therefore,

Resolved, That we will make all suitable exertions to obtain such an amendment to our State Constitution as shall confer the right of suffrage on women.

Resolved, That for this purpose we will organize ourselves into an association, to be called the "Woman's Suffrage Association of Missouri."

An election of permanent officers then took place and resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. Frances Minor; Vice-President—Mrs. Beverley Allen; Cor. Secretary—Mrs. R. N. Hagard; Rec. Secretary—Mrs. Geo. D. Hall; Treasurer—Mrs. G. W. Banker. On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet Saturday, May 18th.

JEFF. DAVIS.

From the Detroit Post.

THE release of Jefferson Davis on bail, in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, conditioned for his appearance for trial at the November term of the United States District Court for the District of Virginia, surprises nobody who has kept posted. It leaves the case of the arch-traitor in such a shape that discussion is of no use. Tomes might be written without enlightening the public in the least; and the matter might be passed by without comment, yet the public would be equally wise. Perhaps the best policy is to quietly and patiently await the development of events; certainly this is all that can be done by the people. If the law shall be fairly and fully vindicated by the trial; if political trickery and plotting shall now cease to interfere with the case, we doubt not the public will be satisfied with the result; but there is a general feeling of disgust at the way things have been managed heretofore by the government regarding Jeff. Davis. Thus far intrigue and not law has ruled, and political trickery and not justice has been consulted, so that the whole history of the accusation, capture, imprisonment and final release of the traitor forms a weak, shilly-shally farce in our history, unworthy either the dignity, the honor or the common sense of the Republic. Let us hope the court, which has certainly failed to make a dignified beginning, will in the course of trial recover a high and manly tone, so that the world will cease to laugh at the blundering folly with which the government manages the elephant which President Johnson's silly proclamation threw into its hands. Unless the proceedings of the court shall restore dignity to the case, the crime of rebellion and treason in the United States will be registered in history as a mere farce based on a tragedy, and our Constitution and laws, our government and courts, be alike ridiculous where they should be most severe, and contemptible where they should be strong.

JEFF. DAVIS.

From the Pithole, Pa., Record.

ON Saturday last Jeff. Davis was released from prison at Fortress Monroe on a writ of *habeas corpus* and taken to Richmond for trial. It is generally believed that his acquittal has been as fully decided upon as though the verdict had been rendered. We had little thoughts of such an ending to the scene, when, about two years ago, we, as a member of the "Second Brigade, Second Division, Cavalry Corps, Mil. Div. Miss.," rode through the cypress swamps of Georgia, along the Ocmulgee River, in search of the chief traitor, for whose capture a heavy reward was offered. Nor did such an ending to what was thought a serious enterprise, enter our head when by the dim light of that Spring morning the camp of the "President" (as Mrs. D. delighted to call the traitor prisoner) was surrounded, and the whistling bullets of the 4th Michigan and 1st Wisconsin awoke the echoes, as those regiments contended for the prize which was almost within the grasp of each, and whose warlike greetings caused the "stern statesman" to don the dressing-gown of his truly *better half*, and attempt by strategy to escape the clutches of the Yankee government which he a few hours afterwards denounced bitterly for making war upon women and children. Had such an ending to our exertions been made manifest at the time, would not many an arm have been ready to lodge a missile of death in the heart of the projector of Andersonville horrors from which we had just departed in utter loathing?

But, after two years of exertion on the part of the government to convince the traitors that we never meant to hurt them, we presume it is better and more consistent to cap the climax of our generosity and allow the oath-breaking head of the sin-accursed rebellion to go forth unscathed, a monument to future generations that our Republic treats treason as a respectable pastime and traitors with due consideration!

GEN. GRANT EXPRESSES A POLITICAL OPINION—ALMOST!—The Des Moines (Iowa) *Register* comes pretty near knowing of an expression of political opinion by Gen. Grant. Not long since its informant was the occupant of a seat in a railway car, directly behind Gens. Grant and Stoneman. During the journey an individual in the car got excited on the subject of politics, and in the hearing of nearly all the passengers was cutting up Andrew Johnson as he deserved. Gen. Grant listened with rapt attention to this inflammatory denunciation, and, in the most exciting portion of it, turned his head slowly toward Stoneman and—*winked!*

THE rather Bourbon-like order of Gen. Ord, directing the blacks not to take part in politics, is equivalent to the advice given to a swimmer not to go near the water. Gen. Ord's obligatory counsel is rightfully opposed by a prominent loyalist of Mississippi, the substance of whose views we give elsewhere. It is Gen. Ord's plain duty to assist in building up a loyal party in Missouri, and when he uses the military arm of the government to overawe the blacks at the expense of their franchise, he shows that he has unlearned the lesson of the war. The white and black loyalists of Mississippi are anxious to make a party, and Gen. Ord seems desirous that there shall be a white party, and none other. If this be the case, he should by all means be removed.—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

Wendell Phillips's

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WENDELL PHILLIPS is Special Editorial Contributor.

Address AARON M. POWELL,
Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard,
39 Nassau street, New York.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S RELEASE.

IF the government lets Davis go unpunished, then *Wirtz was murdered.* For one word that can be said for Davis, a thousand can be urged for his fellow-criminal. Davis at large and Wirtz in his grave, prove a cowardly spirit in the Administration, which wreaks its safe spite on the miserable tool and shrinks afraid from the look of the master.

Our concern is not with the individual criminal. With a wise plan of reconstruction, we can afford to overlook a thousand Davises; but the course of the Administration, in his case, throws light on our national situation. Two or three things are evident.

If this Administration correctly represents the American people, then treason is no crime, and never need fear any punishment from us.

The tendency of modern civilization is to bear patiently the widest and angriest differences of opinion, and let party chiefs only turn each other out of office, without sending the defeated rival—as in England in Henry the Eighth's time, and in Mexico to-day—to the scaffold. Still, we are the first government to let actual levying war against the State go unpunished. What sort of a future this course will make for us, is hardly matter of doubt. If, as many believe, and as all history makes probable, we are sooner or later to have another civil war, then party chiefs will make up their minds what course to take and which side to adopt, without fear of risking life or property except in the actual fight.

Again, no amount of brutal and barbarous aggravation of the usual evils of war will harm any man who orders it. Mr. Davis knew of the threats and attempts to burn Northern cities, poison Northern communities; knew, at least, of offers made and plots devised to take the life of President Lincoln. He never disavowed or attempted to prevent any of them. When a Frenchman, in correspondence with Charles James Fox, offered to assassinate Napoleon—England then at war with France—Fox gave the Emperor notice of the plot. Davis allows the Confederacy to swarm with such and worse plotters. No word has been heard from him rebuking the massacre of Fort Pillow and Memphis. Belle Isle and Libby Prison were within his sight, and Andersonville existed by his order. Quantrell and kindred assassins were his agents, never disavowed.

It is safe to say that, except the English in India and the French in Algiers, modern warfare cannot show, for the last century, as much inhumanity as Richmond ordered and tolerated in any one half-year of the war.

Judged by the war record, Jefferson Davis is the chief of a horde of savages. With the single exception of eating his prisoners, the Indian tomahawk can be paralleled point by point, act by act, in the atrocities of Southern conduct.

The inhuman chief of such barbarism cannot be punished under our law! Men whom some still call honorable, travel hundreds of miles to grasp his hand! Let imagination group around Davis the men—the fiends—with which history will link him; Quantrell and his gang of butchers, covered with the blood of old men, women and children; Forrest, pale with remorse at the memory of the negroes massacred at Fort Pillow, in violation of all honorable warfare; our soldiers poisoned in their food by cowardly women, wearing for ornaments the bones of their victims; the negro, butchered without mercy everywhere; the gaunt despair of Libby prison; the crowded filth and starved idiocy of Andersonville.

Record that government had no punishment for such a wretch, then paint Horace Greeley travelling hundreds of miles to offer his congratulations on this disgrace of the government, and to clasp that vile hand!

Meanwhile, Republican leaders—afraid lest, after all, this cowardice of the Administration may win Southern votes—keep discreet silence. Crime ceases to be something to be checked and punished. How to treat the criminal so as to make Southern capital for the next election, keeps all brains busy.

Politicians stifle their disgust at Greeley; "for perhaps that may be the surest card." Meanwhile, *men* see the nation's honor and character dragged in the dust, and sadly wait the future. If the great statute of Emancipation was only an act of "military necessity," reluctantly done under compulsion; if God drove the nation to that deed of justice with a whip of scorpions, still this is not a wholly rotten people. The war was largely an honorable struggle far a just nationality. Dark as the cloud lowers, our faith stands firm that we shall soon emerge from this sad eclipse.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MRS. LYDIA E. SPOONER.

OBITUARY.

IT is with deep sadness that we record the death, in Philadelphia, on the 18th inst., of Mrs. Lydia E. Spooner, wife of John A. Spooner, Esq., of Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. Spooner belongs to a family well known to our readers for the generous welcome it has always given to all new ideas; the sturdy integrity, courage and lavish devotion with which it has supported all the reform movements of the last thirty years—its roof a home for every apostle of unpopular truth, and all its members sure to rally round such in every emergency. A worthy member of such a group, she was herself, from her earliest years, deeply interested in the Anti-Slavery movement, and later, in the claim of political rights for woman. To the slave she gave her first enthusiasm; he had no more faithful friend; but every kindred reform found a place in her heart. An unaffected, true-hearted, earnest woman, with quick sympathies for all suffering and ready hand to relieve it. The sunshine of her domestic circle, the special favorite of all her friends, one of those generous and full souls, whose presence is not only pleasure, but inspiration. She brought the freshness and buoyancy of youth to the ranks of the reformers, with clear insight and tireless zeal. Older laborers took new strength from her joyous spirit and the heartiness of her sympathy. Yet hopeful and buoyant, full of joy and trust, as she was, still her marked characteristic was her excellent, well-balanced common-sense. She was a true woman, and saw all things truly.

A loyal friend, a loving and devoted daughter, wife and mother, she lived a long, full life in a few years; and, cheered by the near prospect of perfect triumph for the cause she loved, sank to rest as peacefully as if

——"She wrapped the drapery of her couch
About her and lay down to pleasant dreams."

W. P.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, it is not surprising to learn, has been ready, at any moment the past year, to present himself as bail for Jeff. Davis. The New York *Evening Gazette* of Saturday last says:

"There was considerable discussion last evening at the Plymouth Church prayer-meeting, the bailing of Jefferson Davis having been brought forward by several speakers. Mr. Beecher declared very emphatically that, under our laws and institutions, the keeping Davis a prisoner without trial and without bail for more than six months, was unjustifiable and wrong, and that had his offer been necessary, he would not, at any moment the last year, have hesitated to present himself as bail for his appearance."

RECONSTRUCTION is not a decided success in Texas. A judge there has recently decided that negro testimony is inadmissible on the trial of white men, the sheriff of Victoria county has refused to take greenbacks as a legal tender, and an attempt to collect the taxes levied during the war in Confederate currency was only stopped by an order from Gen. Griffin.

THE Brazilian Minister has addressed a letter to Mr. Seward, in which he says that he has no official notification that a decree emancipating the slaves in Brazil had been issued by the Emperor, Don Pedro.

THE capture of Maximilian is announced.

A DISPATCH from Boston, received as we go to press, says:

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention was largely attended. The speakers were Wendell Phillips, John T. Sargent, Lucretia Mott, Aaron M. Powell, Henry C. Wright, Hon. Henry Wilson, Parker Pillsbury, Rev. Mr. Conner, Stephen S. and Abby Kelley Foster, and others. Radical resolutions were passed.

A LETTER from our Philadelphia correspondent, intended for this number, is unavoidably crowded out. It will appear next week. Also several other communications which we are unable to present this week.

PERSONAL.

John Stuart Mill spoke at a great reform meeting held in London last Saturday night.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., of the *Herald*, intends, it is said, to bring out a daily paper in London ere long.

Stephen Smith, a lumber merchant, is the richest colored man in Philadelphia. He owns seventy-five houses in fee simple, and is worth not less than $300,000. Harris Lindsey, a bounty-broker during the war, is worth $250,000.

The New York correspondent of the Chicago *Evening Post*, in his account of the Anniversaries, thus alludes to the Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn:

"Among the speakers at the Anti-Slavery meeting yesterday was a young man—he scarcely looked more than a boy—named Chadwick. He is the pastor of a church in Brooklyn, but this was his first appearance on the platform of this very radical Society. He is no orator, as Phillips is; but 'a man's a man for a' that,' and Mr. Chadwick is a *man*—a man, too, I venture to predict, of whom the world will hear one of these days, if his strong and earnest spirit does not too soon escape from the frail, slight body that holds it. Without any of the graces of the orator, with a voice singularly plaintive in its monotone, there was yet something in his pale, intellectual face and in the expression of his calm blue eyes that won at once the sympathy of his audience. What followed justified this sympathy. Not oratory certainly, in the usual acceptation of the term; but high-thoughted eloquence—the utterance of great truths, or what seemed such, in a manner that combined rare rhetorical beauty with rare simplicity. Seldom have I listened to a speaker whose prose is so permeated with the spirit of poetry, and yet kept so absolutely within the bounds of good taste by a generous culture and an intuitive perception of the fitness of things. I am sure that this young man will one day command attention both as an essayist and a poet. If he aspire to oratory as well, *that* goal lies beyond a long and severe elocutionary discipline. But, without being an orator, he cannot fail of commanding, as a preacher, the attention of earnest, thoughtful and cultured natures by his rare gift of expression, his elevated thoughts, and his generous devotion to broad and generous ideas."

MARGARET GARNER.

EXTRACT of a letter from Miss SALLIE HOLLEY to Miss CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

"Last week, in the Academy of Design, I saw the picture of *Margaret Garner.* Instantly all the other pictures seemed as nothing—I was rivited to the spot. There was the wild agony and strong heart of the heroic mother in wonderful power.

"The young daughter lies still and graceful in death, safe, happy, beyond the tyrant's reach. The guilty, pale, scared slaveholder and party have just come in, and Margaret confronts them in her dread extremity, terrible grief and passion of agony, knowing the life of a slave-girl, and exclaims, 'I would rather trust my child with God than send her back to slavery!'

"There is nothing in Greek or Roman story more grand. It is a deeply moving, most eloquent painting, and will strengthen horror and detestation of American slavery. Such noble earnestness does honor to the artist. He must have seen Margaret, I should judge, there is such life on the canvas. You remember her story—how she, with three children, escaped from Kentucky into the city of Cincinnati, in the cold winter of 1857. The Ohio river was frozen, and they crossed on the ice, and had only just found shelter under a friendly roof, when Margaret heard the voice of her 'master' in pursuit. She knew what slavery meant, and, in the fulness of her mother-love, she seized a knife and plunged it to the heart of her little daughter, declaring she would rather trust her child with God than send her back to slavery—as what mother would not? She was at once put into prison. Then she begged to be tried for murder, saying, 'O I will go dancing and singing to the gallows; but don't send me back to slavery!'

"But the Fugitive Slave law prevailed, and that heroic mother was sent back. SALLIE HOLLEY.

"New York, May 27."

OBITUARY.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I OUGHT before now to have asked room in THE STANDARD for a word of tribute to the memory of a lately deceased friend of the cause of freedom, who was among its earliest and most faithful adherents.

At the home of her daughter, in Providence, R. I., MARIETTE CLARK wife of Dr. Peleg Clarke, formerly of Coventry, in that State, passed to the higher life, on the 14th of April last, in the 79th year of her age. Though her life was spent almost wholly in the seclusion of home, away from public observation, and with few to note its quiet course of simple faithfulness to each day's humble duties, it was one of large, and, one might safely say, far-reaching usefulness. Always a lover of right, and both in feeling and religious principle opposed to slavery, she was prepared to acknowledge the claims of the Anti-Slavery enterprise as soon as they were set before her, and, of course, was from the beginning an avowed, uncompromising Abolitionist. For like reasons she was interested in the movements for Temperance and Peace, and the public advocates of all or any of these causes were sure of finding at her home a hearty welcome, and a pleasant and refreshing place of rest, whenever their labors brought them into its neighborhood.

Born and educated a member of the Society of Friends, she held its principles not by mere acquiescence in traditional dogmas, but with a faith so vital and earnest that it led her to withdraw from the Society when she saw that, by failing to encourage the anti-slavery and other reform movements in their early and unpopular stage, it came short of a due maintenance of its own testimonies against slavery and other social evils.

Fifty-eight years a wife, she was the mother of ten children, only one of whom died in childhood. Seven sons and a daughter survive her, to attest by their respectable social standing, and the manner in which they acquit themselves in their various useful and honorable callings, the wholesome and lasting influence of the mother's judicious care in their early training. Three of her sons served in the Union army during the war against rebellion, and one of them ended four years of service by giving his life as a part of the price of the nation's victory. If in this service they deviated from one article of their mother's faith, taught them in childhood, they were nevertheless true to the *principles* inculcated by her whole life—fidelity to the individual sense of right, and self-sacrificing devotion to the good of others, especially of the weak and injured and oppressed. Well may we apply to her the words of the ancient writer: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

C. C. B.

JAMES STANSFELD.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: You will grieve to see in to-day's English telegrams an announcement of the death of "Mr. Stanfeld, M.P."

We have, I believe, but one of that name in the House, JAMES STANSFELD, member of Halifax. If it be he, our loss is a great one. A radical from his youth up, not one of those who halt in mid-career, but growing with his years to the strength of more confirmed convictions, the staunch friend of European freedom, personally most closely intimate with Mazzini, sound from the first on your great American question; constant in his attention to his parliamentary and public duties, a plain good English speaker, and not a wrong vote to be recorded against him; pure, upright, and amiable in private life; his loss will be felt both by his country and by his friends. I could say much more of him, not necessary for those who knew him; and for others these few words may be enough. But so much at least is due to the memory of an honest and good name, my old friend and comrade twenty years ago, one of the few really and thoroughly liberal men in England—if not a leader, yet a surely reliable fellow-worker, always on the right side. We have not twenty other men in public life as good as he. W. J. LINTON.

New York, May 23.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 26th, 1867.

NOTWITHSTANDING immense efforts of the liquor-dealers—and an array of petitions with many names of respectable people who have been represented as initiating, instead of merely seconding, the movement for a license-law—that movement has been defeated; the House of Representatives having voted, by a very large majority (160 to 64), to sustain the present prohibitory law. The strong current of public sentiment in this direction has been further made manifest by a stringency of execution of this law greater than ever before, and applied to the great dealers as well as the small ones. The prospect is that this year we shall have a trial of real enforcement of the prohibitory law, which, until recently, has been kept a dead letter by the unscrupulous management of the liquor-dealers, and the wealth and influence of their chief customers.

I have just seen, displayed in a bookseller's window, two splendid quarto Bibles, illustrated by Gustave Doré, gorgeous in scarlet and gold, and bearing an inscription of their presentation to Rev. A. A. Miner and Hon. W. B. Spooner, for their arduous and efficient labors in behalf of the prohibitory law.

The sight of these Bibles, considered to be an appropriate testimony for presentation to eminent laborers in the temperance cause, reminded me, by contrast, that, during the numerous and protracted hearings before the Legislative Committee on this subject, the learned counsel for the liquor-dealers constantly represented the Bible as on their side in their controversy with the temperance men. They constantly took for granted that the letter and spirit of Scripture, Hebrew and Christian, Old Testament and New, was alike in favor of the sale of rum and brandy by the glass to whoever wishes to buy it at the present day in Massachusetts. And in the final debate in the House of Representatives, one of the less discreet advocates of that side, devoting a portion of his long speech to exhortations to follow the teachings and examples of Scripture, actually had the hardihood to quote Noah as one of the examples, and to point out that what so excellent a man did, in the manufacture and use of wine, must be right and suitable for us to imitate.

The *Boston Recorder*, whose abortive attempt to obtain a new lease of life by removal to New York was amusingly chronicled by Mr. Tilton in the *Independent*, has found it necessary to fall for support into the arms of its more vigorous neighbor (and successful rival) the *Congregationalist*, and the two names will henceforth be combined in one sheet, to which the labors of both editors will be devoted.

The history of the *Recorder* is a curious one. Established by Mr. Nathaniel Willis (the father of N. P. Willis) at a time when there was no competition in that line, it went on for many years with a sort of hum-drum prosperity. Mr. Willis was a very worthy and well-meaning man, and had the great merit of acting up to his light. But he was not a strong, nor a wise, nor even an intelligent man, and the best he could do for his paper was to make it a quiet follower of the traditions of the elders, a mild echo of the received opinions of the orthodox church; and precisely because it was such, it obtained a considerable repute and circulation, being thought very instructive and edifying by the sort of people who pinned their faith in theological matters on Scott's Commentary on the Bible. Of course it held a fraternal relation to "our Southern brethren," and of course it paid no more regard to the distressed condition of any *black* "brethren" in the land than the Church, or the Bible Society, or the Tract Society did.

After a while Rev. Parsons Cooke, of Lynn, a very peppery divine, who felt a hearty hatred of heretics, and did what he could to borrow the aid of "the secular arm" for their suppression, thought that a more energetic and aggressive organ of theological controversy was needed. So he established the *Puritan*, at Lynn, in 1840, which in a few years was transferred to Boston. It had in Boston a succession of assistant editors, but these were all in sympathy with the master spirit. The *Puritan* was an embodiment of *odium theologicum*. In its columns Universalists and Unitarians were berated vigorously enough; but its chief rancor and virulence were shown against "Comeouters"—that is, those members of orthodox churches who had withdrawn from church-membership on finding that the church persisted in upholding slavery. Dr. Cooke and his colleagues were particularly venomous against those who claimed that women, as church-members, had a right to speak and to vote in church-meetings, and that sex, and custom, and tradition were not valid reasons against the public speaking and action of women in other places. In hatred of reform generally, and unscrupulous calumny against the promoters of it, the *Puritan* has never been exceeded. Of course it opposed all interference with slavery, and hated Abolitionists with a perfect hatred, first as reformers, and then as exposers of the unfaithfulness and corruption of the popular church.

In the meantime, however, the truths taught by Abolitionists were gaining ground, and many people in the churches as well as out of them were led to see that slavery ought to be opposed, and that some sort of testimony against it ought to come from ministers and members of the church; and also that there ought to be a "religious" newspaper to take this ground, and present some evidence, if possible, that some portions of the orthodox church were dissatisfied with the continuance of slavery. Thus it came to pass that in 1849, about the time when the *Puritan* had run through its means, and was obliged to seek a new lease of life by union with the *Recorder*—the *Congregationalist* was established in Boston as the friendly rival of both. It agreed with these papers in calumniating the Abolitionists, but it took an attitude of vigorous hostility to slavery in all its secular relations, and did much to arouse the orthodox people of this State to political and other action against it.

The *Puritan Recorder* went on for a few years bearing the double name, but afterwards dropped the prefix, and was called, until its last issue, week before last, the *Recorder*. The stronger member of the firm, however, impressed its character upon the united paper from the beginning, and the *Recorder* has been, ever since 1849, of the same stamp in regard to intense bigotry, spitefulness and mendacity, as the *Puritan* in the years preceding.

Now, pecuniary necessities have again brought about a union, and last week was published the first number of the *Congregationalist and Recorder*. And there is a combination not only of papers but of editors, the chief manager of the *Recorder* joining the entire editorial staff of the *Congregationalist*. On two points they are in perfect unison, namely: the maintenance of the theology of the Westminster Assembly's Catechism—or, as one of them chooses rather to call it—the "Burial-hill Declaration of Faith;" and a vigorous denunciation of such writers as Mrs. Stowe, James Russell Lowell and Dr. Holmes, when they express their own different opinion upon that class of subjects in any publication read by orthodox men and women. How far these newly-leagued editors will agree upon other things, and which will sway the paper most efficiently in his own direction, the future must show. They propose to issue an edition of 27,000 to supply the subscription list of both papers, and vigorous efforts will be made, no doubt, to enlarge this number. NORTH.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

DURING the six sessions of this Society, held on the 8th and 9th inst., in this city, a firm stand was taken for such positive, radical and uncompromising principles of freedom, virtue, human rights and world-wide philanthropy as would lead to peace.

The President, Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, presented the object of the meeting in a brief address, and read letters of interest and encouragement from Wm. Lloyd Garrison, John T. Sargent, and others. Resolutions were adopted, declaring that the "ballot is peacemaker," and argued, "Use me, and do not fight," and that "equality causes no war;" that impartial, universal suffrage would aid the cause of peace; that the right to life was natural and inalienable; that the education of the youth in the "science of arms" was wrong; that constitutional provisions in favor of war are dangerous, and standing armies incite to war; that an international code and tribunal would be able to settle difficulties peaceably.

A vote of thanks to Queen Victoria was passed, engrossed, and sent out by the Persia, through friends of the cause. The Congress at London was alluded to in terms of encouragement, and the defects of deliberating with standing armies in the field strongly pointed out and rebuked. It was urged that war could be made unpopular; and while there was a hatred of slavery, injustice, oppression, disloyalty and inhumanity, there should be such a hatred of war as to bring forth that spiritual resistance "that is mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.

An amendment, in this spirit, was proposed to the New York Constitutional Convention. A number of publications were presented, issued by the Society; and a full report of the past year was adopted.

The Secretary for the meetings was Levi K. Joslin, of Providence, who spoke earnestly for the cause. E. H. Heywood, of Worcester; Henry C. Wright, of Boston; Benjamin Fish, of Rochester; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Bridgewater, Vt.; Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia; Dr. Hallock and Dr. Sheppard, Judge Culver, Jeremiah Hacker, and others, took part in the discussions. Free expression of opinion was allowed, and the official report of the meeting, containing some of the speeches, the resolutions, the letters and report, will be published in a few days, in pamphlet form, and may be had by writing to Levi K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

PARIS, May 1, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR: The Universal Exhibition grows daily in public favor, and gives abundant promise, day by day, of fulfilling all that was expected of it. The interior arrangements are nearly completed, and the mosques, temples, and other buildings, being erected in different parts of the grounds, are being put together with all the rapidity possible. Since the price of admission has been but one franc, the building has been crowded daily. On Easter Sunday, the number of people admitted was 75,000, and the Monday following (Easter Monday), which is a general holiday, the number of visitors was 110,000. The weather has been very favorable, although quite warm, and, in short, everything is going on as smoothly and successfully as could be desired. Strangers are daily pouring by thousands into the city, and house agents are almost driven mad by the crowds of families who wish to hire houses. One of them has eight hundred families for whom to find apartments, and with almost every place occupied.

I shall endeavor in this, as in succeeding letters, to sketch the Great Exhibition in sections, taking one for each letter. In this I shall endeavor to give you some little idea of the section or circle, No. VI., comprising Group VI., and which is composed mostly of machinery. Before doing so, however, I will give a little general information about the interior construction of the palace.

As I informed you in a preceding letter, the interior of the building consists of concentric circles. The articles exhibited are divided into *classified groups, one of which groups is assigned to each circle or section of the building.* These circles commence to number from the centre garden. The following is the division, which your readers may *rely upon as correct:*

Group I.—Works of Art (Classes from 1 to 5).

Group II.—Material and Application of the Useful Arts—History of Labor—(Classes from 6 to 13).

Group III.—Furniture and Articles destined for the Dwelling-House (Classes from 14 to 26).

Group IV.—Clothing (worked tissues) and other articles worn upon the person (Classes from 27 to 39).

Group V.—Products (raw and manufactured) of Extractive Industry (Classes from 40 to 46).

Group VI.—Instruments and Processes of the Usual Arts—Machinery (Classes from 47 to 66).

Group VII.—Aliments (fresh and preserved) in divers states of preparation (Classes from 67 to 73).

Group VIII.—Living Products and Specimens of Agricultural Establishments (Classes from 74 to 82).

Group IX.—Living Products and Specimens of Horticultural Establishments (Classes from 83 to 88).

Group X.—Objects exposed to view to Ameliorate the Physical and Normal Condition of Mankind (Classes from 89 to 95).

As there are only seven circles in the palace itself, there are but seven groups of the ten within the building. The VIIIth Group, comprehending the living products and establishments of agriculture, is exposed in the Park, mostly on the Island of Billancourt. Group IX., including the products of horticulture, is exposed in the reserved garden. As to Group X. and last, its domain is in all the galleries.

The first four circles, starting from the centre garden and corresponding—the first, to works of art; the second, to the history of labor; the third, to clothing, etc.; the fourth, to furniture, etc.—have a width of fourteen metres.* In each there is a walking space five metres in width, on each side of which the works or products are exposed. In the three following, completing the seven, there is no regular pathway, each exhibitor arranging his articles as he prefers.

The countries occupying the largest part of the Exhibition are:

France, which takes	61,314	square	metres.
England, " "	21,653	"	"
Austria, " "	7,880	"	"
S. Ger'n States "	7,879	"	"

The United States, I am sorry to say, occupies only 2,867 square metres.

Group VII., which has the long name of "Aliments fresh and preserved, in various states of preparation," means nothing more than Cafés and Restaurants.

Having now given your readers some idea of the in-

* The French metre is a trifle more than the English yard.

ternal arrangements, I will now speak, as I proposed of Group VI., called, Instruments and Processes of the Usual Arts. Above this circle is a gallery, the only one in the palace. On either side below this gallery, is ranged the machinery, and it can be almost as well seen as from below, while there is no danger of getting entangled by any belt or other appliances. It was along this gallery that the Emperor walked, on the overture of the Exhibition. This department of machinery has been divided into different portions to accommodate the wants of the nations. Of these lots, France takes 8, with a total of 305 horse power.

England	1,	"	100	"	"
United States	1,	"	50	"	"
Belgium	1,	"	40	"	"
N. Germany	1,	"	35	"	"

Before going any farther, I should say that while this gallery is mostly for machinery, all sorts of mechanical inventions, etc., are allotted to it. And now let us suppose we have commenced walking down the gallery. Beginning with the English department, first comes spinning machines from all the great companies of Great Britain. Following are those for weaving, mostly from Scotland. Opposite the weaving machines are some for sawing and planing, all in full operation. Next to those are pleasure carriages of all shapes and sizes from all the best London makers. Among them is a splendid four in hand team, with luncheon baskets, ice chests, etc., all arranged for long drives when refreshment is needed, as going to the "Derby." Coming next to this, are exhibited products of the colony of New South Wales, Australia. On the opposite side are beautiful models of all the noted lighthouses on the English coast, and examples of the lights and glass work, of full size, mostly exhibited by the Honorable Corporation of Trinity House. Now we come to the United States. In this department, there is a pretty little model of a horse railway, showing how to lay the rails and not interfere with ordinary street travel. This is the invention of Mr. Z. Eastman, U. S. Consul at Bristol, England. Mr. Gregg, of Philadelphia, exhibits an ingenious brick-making machine. There are weaving machines by Geo. Crompton, of Worcester, Mass. Fairbanks's scales are prominent. There is a nail-making machine which attracts much attention.

From the United States, we next find ourselves in Russia's section. She has but little machinery within the building, but exhibits some big guns, which are very formidable in appearance.

Switzerland has some good spinning machines, worked by Swiss girls.

Austria has little machinery, but has on view some splendid locomotives. One, which I think is the largest in the Exhibition, obtained the prize medal in London in 1862, and has run upon a mountain railway of Austria ever since, without ever having to be repaired, or taken off the line for a single day. It has traversed in that time a distance of 45,278 kilometres. Prussia and the Northern States of Germany have some beautiful steam-engines, and the former country has many locomotives and several full-sized railway carriages, illustrating the Prussian Mail Train Service.

Holland has no machinery of note. She exhibits a few carriages, but they are rather inferior, the only pretty one being a kind of English dog-cart. Next to Holland is Algeria. In this division quite a crowd is daily collected, watching two Algerian girls in native costume, who, squatting on a sort of platform, are engaged in cutting and preparing corks for bottles. Finally we come to the division of France, which completes the gallery. There is in this a sub-department of manual labor, in which all kinds of mechanical work done by hand is exhibited, and at which the different workmen are all busily engaged.

Among the lighter kinds of machinery in the French department, that of hat-making is the most interesting.

Here every process is gone through with, from the sorting of the felt in its crude state to the packing of the hats when they come out nicely pressed and finished. There is a very neat machine for folding letter envelopes, and which turns out 50,000 per day. The French exhibit a splendid assortment of carriages, four in hand teams, etc. All the principal railway companies of France have full-sized cars of their different lines, with locomotives, mail service, etc.

There is in this division an invention for clipping horses in two hours and a half, which I have no doubt would be acceptable in many American stables.

A three-minute ice cream freezer attracts an admiring crowd, who are rewarded for their attention by a little glass of ice cream each. It is very good and worth waiting more than three minutes for.

There are in the French department many weaving and spinning machines, but they are not equal to those of the English.

The manufacture of French cashmere shawls is very curious and interesting.

Finally, just before entering this department, is seen a contrivance for extracting the silk from silk-worms. It is a most wonderful affair, and is constantly surrounded by a throng of people. We now find ourselves opposite the English department, having finished the circle of Group VI. The countries which have not been mentioned have nothing particularly striking. If your space admitted of it, I might cover many columns of your paper, with descriptions of the thousands of wonderful inventions, machines and sights to be seen in this intensely interesting and instructive portion of the Exhibition. As it is, I have only written you a hasty sketch of what catches the eye, while taking a rapid walk through the gallery raised above this circle. I would say in this connection, that every week the Imperial commission publishes a large illustrated pamphlet, containing most elaborate descriptions of different portions of the Exhibition, written by members of the international jury. I hope

granted, since beside the pews for the Court and the Emperor's gallery, there is only room for 100 more. Among this I was lucky enough to be included.

Mass commenced at 12 noon, but long before that time, the waiting room of the palace, leading to the chapel was filled with a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, splendidly dressed, since full dress is required in the Imperial chapel. When the doors were thrown open, rather an undignified rush was made, and seats were scrambled for in a very unbecoming manner, considering that we were in the house of God. Many excited ladies had their magnificent trains sadly torn, and two or three beaver hats, trodden ruthlessly under foot, met a tragic fate. At last, however, all were seated, the Emperor and Empress announced and the mass commenced. The music was truly most beautiful and the principal solo, to the accompaniment of a violin, was rendered by the sweetest soprano voice I have ever heard. The mass, celebrated entirely in music, lasted just three quarters of an hour, when the benediction was pronounced. To any one who has never had a good view of Napoleon III., I can recommend no better place to go to obtain it than a mass at the Tuileries. Visitors are very near to him, and one has an opportunity to study his features. He gains in health to all outward appearance every day, and looking at him in chapel, I wondered if he was thinking of the inevitable war. His Majesty completed his fifty-ninth year, the 20th day of April.

The French government seems gradually preparing for war, and the army is being put into fighting trim, as rapidly as possible. On the other hand, the Prussians are calling in all their reserves and withdrawing any troops that may be in foreign countries. France will not be found unprepared. Mr. Guizot, the ex-minister of Louis Phillipe, is said to have declared in a conversation with Count de Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador at Paris, that the Cabinet of Berlin would be singularly mistaken if it thought it could speculate on internal dissensions in France; that no doubt there might be difference of opinion as to the course followed by the government, and as to the policy which might lead France to war, but when the struggle shall have once begun, *there will be but one voice, desire and effort against the enemy.* M. Thiers is also said to have used similar language. When it is remembered that both these men are enemies of the Emperor, their language is the more significant of the bitter hatred of France against Prussia. Various solutions of the Luxembourg question have been proposed, the most prominent being annexation to Belgium or the neutralization of the territory. But unless something of an extraordinary nature occurs, war will break the spell, and the question be forever decided as to whether France or Prussia is to rule in Europe.

In the theatrical world, there is nothing particularly new. Don Carlos still draws at the Grand Opera. Adah Menken, the American artiste, after a brilliant engagement at La Gaité, is about to leave Paris for Vienna, there to repeat the Mazeppa, which has here drawn such crowded houses. Patti has had a benefit, which was a success. Her sister Carlotta has just been engaged for six representations at the "Lyrique." A theatre called "Folies Dramatiques" has already a piece about the Exhibition, called "The Travellers for the Exhibition." It is quite amusing, and will take with the French.

Various people of note are in Paris, including Prince Alfred, Prince Oscar of Sweden, and the brother of the Tycoon of Japan. This latter individual has created a decided sensation, and his Japanese equipage, as seen on the Champs Elysees, attracts great attention. He is only fifteen years of age, but very intelligent, and comes to France to learn the language and study the Exposition, which he visits almost every day. The annual exhibition of the works of living French painters has opened in the Palace of Industry on the Champs Elysees. I shall speak at greater length of this exhibition of paintings in a future letter. Meantime, I am, as ever,

Very truly yours, E. D. F.

LITERARY.

Blackwood's Magazine for May has been seized at the French post-office.

The third number of the *Quarterly*, published by the Young Men's Christian Associations of the country, is just published. It contains an excellent article by Dr. Hastings upon "Work," and another by George W. Curtis upon "Sir Philip Sidney, Gentleman."

A new Radical paper is being established at Florence, under the title of *La Reforma*. Its editor is to be the well-known deputy, Signor Crispi.

A Historical Society has been established at St. Petersburg, with the object of searching for historical documents of the time of Peter the Great.

The French Academy has this year awarded the Grand Prix Gobert of ten thousand francs to Count Louis de Vielcastel for his *History of the Restoration*, and the second to M. Felix Faure for his *History of St. Louis*.

RECEIVED.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL, translated into English verse by John Corrington, M.A., of the University of Oxford, 482 pages. New York: W. J. Widdleton, publisher.

NEIGHBORS' WIVES, by J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Neighbor Jackwood," etc., 318 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers.

SERPENTS IN THE DOVE'S NEST, pamphlet edition: two sermons by Rev. John Todd. I., "Fashionable Murder;" II., "The Cloud with a Dark Lining." 28 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

THE First Annual Meeting of the American Equal Rights Association was held in this city, on Thursday and Friday, May 9th and 10th, in the Church of the Puritans. The attendance was large during the two sessions of each day. Robert Purvis, Esq., presided at the opening session, and briefly addressed the meeting. Alluding to the comprehensive work of freedom, he congratulated the audience on the rapid progress which had been made in the cause of equal rights. In his view, the true idea of a republican government was the equal rights of all, without regard to sex. The speaker then referred in general terms to the nature of the work to be accomplished, and closed by stating that the principles in detail of the Association would be explained by the speakers who were to follow him.

LUCRETIA MOTT addressed a few brief remarks to the meeting, stating that she fully believed the correctness of the principles of the Association, and she was confident that they would ultimately be successful.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY reported that the receipts during the year amounted to $4,714, and that of this by far the greater portion had been expended in the distribution of tracts teaching the principles of the Association. The Society had several active agents in Kansas, working incessantly, and she predicted that Kansas will be the model State of all the States in the Union. Similar efforts were also being made by the agents of the Society elsewhere, and she hoped that the energy and devotedness of these agents will be rewarded in the manner they would all most desire by bringing the American people to a true knowledge of the doctrine of equal rights and equal liberty to all.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON addressed the meeting at length. She said that in considering the suffrage question there were two starting points, one that this right was a gift of society in which certain men having inherited this privilege from some abstract body and abstract place, had now the right to secure it for themselves and their privileged order to the end of time. This principle led loyalty to governing races, masses, families, and indirect antagonism to their idea of self-government took them back to monarchies and despotisms, to an experiment which had been tried over and over again six thousand years, and had uniformly failed. The second point was that suffrage was a natural right, as necessary to man under government for the protection of person and property as were air and motion to life. They held in their hand the talisman by which to show the right of all classes to the ballot, to remove all obstacles, to answer all objections, to point out the tyranny of every qualification to the free exercise of that right. To discuss the question of suffrage for women and negroes, as women and negroes, and not as citizens of a republic, implied that there were some reasons for demanding that right that did not apply to "white males." There were, however, no special claims to urge on behalf of either negroes or women. The claim already made to extend suffrage to all the white men in this country, a claim for "universal suffrage," covered the whole question and the rights of all citizens. This was the platform of the American Equal Rights' Association. They were the masters of the situation, for black men and black women were buried in the citizen. As in the war freedom was the key-note of victory, so now was universal suffrage the key-note of reconstruction. "Negro suffrage" might answer as the party cry for an *effete* political organization through another Presidential campaign, but the people of the country had a broader work on hand to-day; to settle the high and holy question of individual rights. The principle of inequality in government had been tried, and every nation based on that idea, that had not already perished, showed the seeds of death. The opportunity now given the people to attempt self-government should be regarded as a solemn and sacred trust. When a nation was based upon justice and equality government was for ever lifted out of the mists of speculation, while every system short of that was but a trick and a mockery. What thinking man would condescend to descend into the arena of politics? If purity, honor, self-sacrifice and devotion were anywhere they were needed in those who had in their keeping the life and prosperity of a nation. In lifting woman up into the broader sphere they saw for her new honor, dignity and more liberal and exalted views of life. Then, and then only, would her influence be exercised in exalting and purifying the world of politics. When woman understood the momentous interests that depended on the ballot she would make it her first duty to educate her children up to the idea that to vote was the most sacred act of citizenship and a religious duty, to be performed neither thoughtlessly, selfishly nor corruptly, but with the consciousness that in a republican government the interests of the nation were given in trust to each and every citizen. Battles had hitherto been fought for the prevailing of a party, now it was time to fight for individual rights. She considered the ballot the great regulating power of the continent. Many thought it nothing more than a slip of paper which drunken men dropped into a glass box on election day. But that little paper tossed into an urn was the symbol of protection, self-education and power, the mightiest engine yet placed in the hands of men for the overturning of empires or the establishment of good on earth. There was no cause to talk of the "muddy pool" of politics, as if such muddiness need exist. With the coming of woman into that higher sphere of influence would come the dawn of the new day when politics would be lifted up into the world of morals and religion; when the polling places would be beautiful temples surrounded by fountains and flowers and triumphal arches, through which young men and maidens would go up in joyful procession to ballot for justice and freedom; when elections would be like the holy feasts of the Jews at Jerusalem. Alluding to the perversity of politicians, she said that it was not in Wall street alone that men gambled in stocks, but in our State and national capitols, even in our courts of justice, which places were changed into halls of merchandise. She then adverted to the hard lot of women, whose sole apparent object in life it was to contract a profitable marriage, and declared that if the people would have the future men of the nation do justice and walk uprightly, they would have to remove every barrier in the way of woman's devotion and enable her to stand self-poised above fear, want or temptation. The same principle that governed plantation life now governed the home. The master could quote law and gospel for his authority over the slave, and so could the husband. The mass of both men and women really believed that such was the heaven-ordained status of a Christian wife. If a woman cornered her husband in fair debate, and showed him that her plan of action in any direction was better than his, he flew into a passion and declared that there was "no reasoning with a woman." Under such circumstances of exclusion from participation in active life, how could woman base her every day existence upon principle? False to herself, how could she be true to others? So long as she remained servile how could her sons be magnanimous, noble and just? Yet such was the result of the home influence, of which so much was constantly being said. Such was the great normal school of legislators and Presidents! Such were the boasted mothers, the women who governed the world, without enough force or dignity or principle to stand upright themselves. The speaker continued to argue that it is useless to expect the republic to be firmly or permanently secured and established until the right of suffrage is accorded to women. The partisans of equal rights, she continued, are the only people who have struck the key-note of the reconstruction of the Union. Men talk of "equal," "impartial," "manhood" suffrage, they were kneeling for universal suffrage. To woman it was given to save the republic, and to allow her to perform this work she would neither place her at the feet nor the head of man, but on the same level platform of equality with him.

SAMUEL J. MAY said it could not be expected that a government would be well conducted when only one-half of the people were represented. He advocated the policy of making the Constitution of the United States a study in schools for the benefit of girls as well as boys. No one could doubt that woman was essentially the same sort of being as man, and governed by the same laws. If allowed to participate in the political affairs of the country they would not be the subject of mere passion. The question of reconstruction was before us, and the speaker hoped the country would be reconstructed on a true basis. There was no better model for a government than the divine model of a family, and in a family the mother exerted the most effectual influence. Men were not governed by a fear of punishment, but by a strong manifestation of right. He concluded by pointing out the salutary effect which equal suffrage would have on both Church and State.

SOJOURNER TRUTH was introduced and said:

My friends, I am rejoiced that you are glad, but I don't know how you will feel when I get through. I come from another field—the country of the slave. They have got their rights—so much good luck: now what is to be done about it? I feel that I have got as much responsibility as anybody else. I have got as good rights as anybody. There is a great stir about colored men getting their rights, but not a word about the colored women; and if colored men get their rights, and not colored women get theirs, there will be a bad time about it. So I am for keeping the thing going while things are stirring; because if we wait till it is still, it will take a great while to get it going again. White women are a great deal smarter, and know more than colored women, while colored women do not know scarcely anything. They go out washing, which is about as high as a colored woman gets, and their men go about idle, strutting up and down; and when the women come home, they ask for their money and take it all, and then scold because there is no food. I want you to consider on that, chil'n. I want women to have their rights. In the Courts women have no right, no voice; nobody speaks for them. I wish woman to have her voice there among the pettifoggers. If it is not a fit place for women, it is unfit for men to be there. I am above 80 years old; it is about time for me to be going. But I suppose I am kept here because something remains for me to do; I suppose I am yet to help break the chain. I have done a great deal of work; as much as a man, but did not get so much pay. I used to work in the field and bind grain, keeping up with the cradler; but men never doing no more, got twice as much pay. So with the German women. They work in the field and do as much work, but do not get the pay. We do as much, we eat as much, we want as much. I suppose I am about the only colored woman that goes about to speak for the rights of the colored woman. I want to keep the thing stirring, now that the ice is broken. What we want is a little money. You men know that you get as much again as women when you write, or for what you do. When we get our rights, we shall not have to come to you for money, for then we shall have money enough of our own. It is a good consolation to know that when we have got this we shall not be coming to you any more. You have been having our right so long, that you think, like a slaveholder, that you own us. I know that it is hard for one who has held the reins for so long to give up; it cuts like a knife. It will feel all the better when it closes up again. I have been in Washington about three years, seeing about these colored people. Now colored men have a right to vote; and what I want is to have colored women have the right to vote. There ought to be equal rights more than ever, since colored people have got their freedom. I am going to talk several times while I am here; so now I will do a little singing. I have not heard any singing since I came here. Accordingly, suiting the action to the word, Sojourner sang, "We are going home." There, children, said she, we shall rest from all our labors; first do all we have to do here. There I am determined to go, not to stop till I get there to that beautiful place, and I do not mean to stop till I get there.

After brief addresses from Charles C. Burleigh, Frances D. Gage, Rev. Mr. Ray, and others, the meeting adjourned to evening.

EVENING SESSION.

Thursday evening the meeting was continued at the appointed hour.

LUCRETIA MOTT occupied the chair.

Col. Moss, of Missouri, was the first speaker. He said that no republican government can be so in form if it is not so in fact; and no government can be republican either in form or fact that is not willing to accord equal rights to all. If the ballot is not fit for the better half of the people, why should it be so for the worse? No government is a proper one or a republican government that excludes more than one-half of its citizens, black and white, from the right of suffrage. If woman elevates society by her influence in social life, why should she not do it in politics? We might have less corruption in politics than we have now if female suffrage was allowed. Where the male sex have the ballot, and refuse to give their suffrage to men opposed to their interests, it is not very difficult for workingmen to make terms favorable to themselves with their employers. Why would this not be the case with women, too, if they had the powerful influence of the ballot to sustain them? This is a cause that should be sustained.

PARKER PILLSBURY was the next speaker.

[We hope to present hereafter a revised report of Mr. Pillsbury's address.]

SUSAN B. ANTHONY said that Kansas and Wisconsin will vote on the question this very year, and it is proposed to send lecturers out there; and we ask you to give us the money for this purpose.

A collection was then taken up.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE commenced her remarks by saying that after all they had heard about the fall of empires, they should come down to dollars and cents after all. (Laughter.) Give us a million of dollars and we will have female suffrage at the next session of the Legislature. (Great laughter.) We ask, we demand the ballot. This republic has been destroyed; if not, why should we be reconstructing it? We have proclaimed to the world universal suffrage. The negro and the white woman together comprise the majority in this country, so that it is ruled by a minority; for the white men are the minority. In proportion to the professions of Chase, Sumner and the rest of that class of men, we proclaim them hypocrites, because they talk about human rights when they never think of women's rights. When woman has the right of suffrage there can be no war. She will not let her husband, her sons, her brothers go to war then. Is it necessary to have rowdies at the ballot-box any more than in the church? No; but as long as women are not there, they will be there. Beecher says the ballot is a teacher. Yes; but it has taught him nothing. (Laughter.) I am glad to be able to agree with Mr. Beecher in this—for I do not often agree with ministers in anything. (Laughter.) The "social evil" is to be destroyed by law, indeed. Destroy fraud and corruption first in your government and among your people. Destroy these social evils first, and then destroy *the* social evil, first by bringing woman up as you do men. The social evils belong to both male and female alike. The social remedy, then, must come from both. He that takes advantage of woman's confiding nature, prates about remedying the social evil. Shame! (Applause.)

No "social evil" was ever yet stopped by force of law. The corrective of our social evil must be commenced in the nursery. Bring up women as you ought to bring up men, and there will be no need to enact laws against the social evil. It is folly to talk about licensing the social evil; it is an insult to the womanhood of the land. Let your laws be alike for both sexes; the social remedy belongs to both also. Let woman have the franchise, and there will be no further talk about a social evil; woman will take care of herself.

Maj. HAGGERTY was then introduced, and entertained the audience with a humorous address, in which he made some good hits in favor of universal suffrage. He said the Irish would all be on the "right side" if they had not been corrupted by American demagogues. His prejudices were all against the meeting, but his reason prevailed, and he came in response to it to speak at the meeting. He believed the party he was addressing to be the truest to his countrymen. This party will furnish the splendid argument of progressive ideas that will shatter the aristocracy of England, with its old fogy conservatism and tyranny. "I propose to be on the side of God and justice."

MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE next addressed the meeting, after which it adjourned till 10 a. m.

FRIDAY MORNING.

The meeting was called to order by LUCRETIA MOTT. S. J. May, Mrs. Stanton, Abby Kelley Foster, S. S. Foster and others made brief remarks.

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER was then introduced. He said that when a cause is prospering he believed all was right. If a cause was just, no matter if it be supported by the minority, he would lend to it his aid. He had given his testimony by writing and speaking that the movement was not a mere frothing sensation, whose spirit was as the waves chafing the rock, but a reality having the favor of Heaven in its behalf. During all his life he had observed that on the one side men pick up ideas and push them forward to hasty conclusions, while, on the other hand, men were unwilling to draw conclusions at all. The question of Slavery had been associated with every part of society, and men had been inclined to hold their peace for fear of interrupting the peace of the nation. Now, a change was coming about. For thirty-five years he had noticed this incubus arising from prejudice, and its effects in political economy, and he could not express his relief at the change which had come over the public mind. Spring comes but once a year, and then the ground is opened to receive the seed which shall produce the harvest. So the war has opened the furrows of public sentiment, and now is the time to put in the seed that shall result to the benefit of the black man. They should not wait till a quiet time came in order to accomplish their object, but work while it was day. Now was the time to organize and advance the principles of the Association. He did not plead in behalf of any particular class, but for the whole of mankind. The people depended on government for protection, and no man was fully able to defend himself unless he had suffrage. He was, therefore, an advocate for the rights of all. In performing the work the question of expediency should be put out of the way, and the black man enfranchised on the ground of manhood. In his opinion the black man would be more likely to obtain suffrage if it was demanded at the same time for women. It would be easier to secure the franchise for all than for a class. We were now in that condition of the world when we needed a prophet; we have none to predict the events of the future. It seemed to him, however, that a new nation was to be born which would so far excel past generations in influence, wisdom and power as to surprise even the most sanguine. He admitted it was a dangerous thing to bring unwashed, untutored men, and uneducated women to the ballot-box; but God would take care to prepare them for the responsibility. If rich men were afraid of losing their wealth, then it was their duty to educate the men who voted. Give men more enlightenment, more liberty, more confidence, more life, and there would be no doubt of their ability to care for themselves. Mr. Beecher closed his address with an earnest and eloquent appeal in behalf of universal suffrage.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY remarked that woman was justly to be recognized as a political force in the government as in the family, and was entitled to the consideration of the highest questions that can interest the human mind and human heart. When this equality was granted her, our social gatherings would no longer be unmeaning, silly meetings of human beings, that seem to have little or nothing to do with one another. Give them the opportunity, and we would find among women clearer perceptions of the fundamental principles that underlie these questions than among men. Let the women be summoned through the Constitution of our country, through a solemn guarantee to them of all their rights and privileges as human beings, let them be summoned to our sides, that they may act with us in making our glorious country what God doubtless designed it to be—the land of the truly free, and the asylum of all the oppressed that will come to us to share with us our broad acres and partake with us in all the great and glorious privileges of the citizens of a self-governing nation. (Applause.)

George T. Downing, Henry C. Wright, C. L. Remond and Mrs. Josephine Griffing followed with brief remarks.

SOJOURNER TRUTH again addressed the meeting. She said: Well, children—I know it is hard for men to give up entirely. They must run in the old track. (Laughter.) I was amused how men speaks up for one another. They cannot bear that a woman should say anything about the man, but they will stand here and take up the time in man's cause. But we are going, tremble or no tremble. (Laughter.) Men is trying to help us. I know that all—the spirit they have got; and they cannot help us much until some of the spirit is taken out of them that belongs among the women. (Laughter.) Men have got their rights, and women has not got their rights. That is the trouble. When woman gets her rights man will be right. How beautiful that will be. Then it will be peace on earth and good will to men. (Laughter and applause.) But it cannot be that until it be right. I am glad that men got here. They have to do it. I know why they edge off, for there is a power they cannot gainsay or resist. It will come. A woman said to me, "Do you think it will come in ten or twenty years?" Yes, it will come quickly. (Applause.) It must come. (Applause.) And now then the waters is troubled, and now is the time to step into the pool. There is a great deal now with the minds, and now is the time to start forth. I was going to say that it was said to me some time ago that "a woman was not fit to have any rule. Do you want women to rule? They ain't fit. Don't you know that a woman had seven devils in her, and do you suppose that a man should put her to rule in the government?" "Seven devils is of no account"—(laughter)—said I, "just behold, the man had a legion." (Loud laughter.) They never thought about that. A man had a legion—(laughter)—and the devils didn't know where to go. That was the trouble. (Laughter and applause.) They asked if they might get among the swine; they thought it was about as good a place as where they came from. (Laughter.) Why didn't the devils ask to go among the sheep? (Laughter.) But no. But that may have been selfish of the devils—(laughter)—and certainly a man has a little touch of that selfishness that don't want to give the women their right. I have been twitted many times about this, and I thought how queer it is that men don't think of that. Never mind. Look at the woman after all, the woman when they were cast out, and see how much she loved Jesus, and how she followed, and stood and waited for him. That was the faithfulness of a woman. You cannot find any faith of man like that, go where you will. After those devils had gone out of the man he wanted to follow Jesus. But what did Jesus say? He said: "Better go back and tell what had been done for you!" (Laughter.) He didn't seem as he wanted him to come along right away. (Laughter.) He was to be clean after that. Look at that and look at the woman; what a mighty courage. When Mary stood and looked for Jesus, the man looked and didn't stop long enough to find out whether He was there or not; but when the woman stood there (blessed be God, I think I can see her!) she staid until she knew where He was, and said: "I will carry Him away!" Was woman true? She guarded it. The truth will reign triumphant. I want to see, before I leave here—I want to see equality. I want to see women have their rights, and then there will be no more war. All the fighting has been for selfishness. They wanted something more than their own, or to hold something that was not their own; but when we have woman's rights, there is nothing to fight for. I have got all I want, and you have got all you want, and what do you fight for? All the battles that have ever been was for selfishness—for a right that belonged to some one else, or fighting for his own right. The great fight was to keep the rights of the poor colored people. That made a great battle. And now I hope that this will be the last battle that will be in the world. Fighting for rights. And there never will be a fight without it is a fight for rights. See how beautiful it is! It covers the whole ground. We ought to have it all finished up now. Let us finish it up so that there be no more fighting. I have faith in God, and there is truth in humanity. Be strong women! blush not! tremble not! I know men will get up and brat, brat, brat, brat (laughter) about something which does not amount to anything except talk. We want to carry the point to one particular thing, and that is woman's rights, for nobody has any business with a right that belongs to her. I can make use of my own right. I want the same use of the same right. Do you want it? Then get it. If men had not taken something that did not belong to them they would not fear. But they tremble! They dodge! (Laughter.) We will have nothing owned by anybody. That is the time you will be a man, if you don't get scared before it goes to parties. (Laughter.) I want you to look at it and be men and women. Men speak great lies, and it has made a great sore, but it will soon heal up. For I know when men, good men, discuss sometimes, that they say something or another and then take it half back. You must make a little allowance. I hear them say good enough at first, but then there was a going back a little more like the old times. It is hard for them to get out of it. Now we will help you out, if you want to get out. I want you to keep a good faith and good courage. And I am going round after I get my business settled and get more equality. People in the North, I am going round to lecture on human rights. I will shake every place I go to. (Loud laughter and applause.)

Alfred H. Love, E. H. Heywood, and J. Hacker spoke briefly, after which the meeting adjourned to evening.

FRIDAY EVENING.

MRS. STANTON in the chair.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY commenced the proceedings by reading a letter from Senator Wood, of Kansas, dated Topeka, May 6. The letter urged that speakers be sent to Kansas without delay, and expressed the hope of carrying the State for universal suffrage. The speaker continued to argue that funds were necessary for tracts and speakers to be set at work. If Kansas can be made right this year, all the rest will go right in future.

FRANCES D. GAGE was the next speaker. She said—The women of Kansas are ready for the movement. They are coming up to the work. They are ready to despise and discard such gewgaws and playthings as bonnet-strings, trimmings and jewelry, and take hold of something substantial. The speaker then referred to the services of women in the war, to their working in the fields in peace, and to the heroic efforts so often made by women, and demanded, who will refuse her the right of suffrage? In 1850 and 1860, when the Legislature of New York gave woman the right to earn and use her own earnings, it was predicted that families would be disorganized by it. But no; nothing of the kind. Might I not predict that some of our merchant dressmakers might yet occupy the Presidential chair with quite as much honor as the present merchant tailor does? (Laughter and applause.) The complaint comes up that woman is wedded to frivolity and fashion, and will think of nothing else. Give woman a chance to do something else and she will think just as much of more important matters. Give her the ballot and she will be industrious and self-reliant. Three years ago the speaker was sick and wanted work; she could not sew nice because of her defective eyesight; she could not work because she was not strong enough, and so she concluded to go and lecture; and when she was asked who gave her the warrant to speak, she replied, Him who gave her the tongue and the ability to use it. (Laughter and applause.) The vices of fashion and dress had their origin in the idleness to which woman is consigned by law. When woman is allowed to do well, as well as man, you will not find woman deserting the highest instincts of her nature—love of husband, home and children. (Laughter.) Why tell us we are foolish and frivolous? Why accuse us of it? Do you not see snares of fashion laid for us all along Broadway? Who lay those snares for us? Men, great stalwart men, selling tapes and laces and ribbons. (Applause.) What do you think of them? Where would they be if women turned sensible? They would be bankrupt and the nation would be bankrupt. Is it worse to wear dress than drink whiskey and smoke and chew tobacco? Fashion is foolishness, but don't heap the agency on woman only. Look at your own foolishness, too. Give us freedom, a clearance from old prejudices and tyrannies of society. She made a barrel when she was ten years old, and when her father's attention was called to it he patted her on the head and said, "What a pity, Frances, you were not born a boy." (Laughter.) She went to her knitting, though she was evidently born to make barrels. (Renewed laughter.)

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON quoted the words of the President and Senator Sumner to show that reconstruction should begin at home, and so, she said, it ought. The Constitution of the State begins very well with "we, the people of the State," but in its articles it puts woman on a par with criminals and, beneath paupers, by inserting the word "male citizen" into its provisions. (Applause.) When men say it would degrade women to go to the polls they make a sad confession. The ballot-box should be sacred—"the holy of holies." The negro is not allowed to vote unless he is worth $250; but no matter how much taxes are levied upon poor women, poor widows, they are not allowed to vote; and if not to vote why should women be taxed? Taxation without representation is the cry of tyranny. (Applause.) She knows a woman who hurls Jefferson, Adams and all the fathers of the republic at the tax-gatherer when he comes to her, and lately he never comes near her at all. (Laughter.) She demanded the ballot for women, because the disfranchised class is always the despised class. The time for doing justice to the negro is past. It is now time to consider the broader subject of saving the republic. The way to save it and make it permanent is to give the ballot to women. Our systems of punishment are all wrong. She would not trust even the criminal to men alone. Man represents justice, woman mercy. What mother, with an unfortunate son in Auburn prison, would not go to the polls if she knew it would be the means of sending a woman to act as one of the officers of the prison? How different would be the influence of prisons and punishment if women had a share in their management. The laws on prostitution are a disgrace to the nineteenth century. Open, honorable and remunerative avenues to woman, and there will be no necessity for such laws. Tayler Lewis, of the *Independent*, arguing against this question, is like Dame Partington trying to quell a storm and drive back the water from the Atlantic Ocean. The speaker concluded with an appeal in favor of universal suffrage. (Great applause.)

SOJOURNER TRUTH made a speech, in which she dwelt upon the circumstance that there was no interruption at the meeting, and that all seemed to acquiesce in the principles of the meeting, and that this was a good sign. She would like to go up to the polls herself. (Laughter.) She did not believe it to be very hard work to vote, and did not see why women could not do it. (Laughter.)

CHAS. L. REMOND next addressed the meeting, explaining explicitly what the association aims at. He argued that if the blacks carried the musket through the war, they should not be prevented from wielding the ballot. He could not rebuke the recent rebel and slaveholder as long as New York denied the black man his rights. South Carolina is more ready to-day to accord to the black man his rights than New York or Pennsylvania. Before any more missionaries are sent South, let us resolve to reconstruct New York. He asked no favor, but he demanded impartial fair play to every citizen. He asked this in the name of justice, patriotism, virtue. He asked no more. (Applause.) He hoped the spirit of John Jay and Alexander Hamilton would pervade every American.

Among the resolutions adopted were the following:

Resolved, That on this our first anniversary we congratulate each other and the country on the unexampled progress of our cause, as seen: 1, In the action of Congress extending the right of suffrage to the colored men of the States lately in rebellion, and in the very long and able discussion of woman's equal right to the ballot in the United States Senate, and the vote taken upon it. 2, In the action of the Legislatures of two Northern States, submitting to the people a proposition to extend the ballot to woman. 3, In the agitation and action upon the same measure in the Legislatures of several other States. 4, In the friendly tone and bearing of so large a portion of the press, both political and religious; and encouraged by past successes and the present prospect, we pledge ourselves to renewed and untiring exertions, until equal suffrage and citizenship are acknowledged throughout our entire country, irrespective of sex, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Resolved, That the ballot, alike to women and men, means bread, education, intelligence, self-protection, self-reliance and self-respect; to the daughter it means diversified employment and a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; to the wife it means the control of her own person, property and earnings; to the mother it means the equal guardianship of her children; to all it means colleges and professions, open, equal opportunities, skilled labor and intellectual development.

Resolved, That the intrigues and conspiracies, the revolutions and wars attending both the beginning and progress of even the most liberal and enlightened governments, all inducing constant and crushing taxations and every form of oppression, together with the general premature mortality among the nations, are strong reasons for at least an investigation of the causes of these evils, if not the application of the most radical and extreme remedies for their removal.

Resolved, That the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Frederick Douglass, be appointed a Committee to represent the National Equal Rights Association at the Constitutional Convention to be held in this State.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the coming Convention to amend the second article of the Constitution, to secure the right of suffrage to women, and black men not worth $250, and thus establish a republican form of government in the State of New York.

Resolved, That in the recent action of Kansas and Wisconsin, submitting to a vote of the people a proposition to so amend their Constitution as to secure suffrage to all citizens, without regard to age or sex, we hail the first step towards the practical realization of our theory of government, equal rights to all.

Resolved, That the duration of national existence has never been proportioned to the life of individual man; nor has any government achieved an eminence in any direction worthy to be compared with that of many men, and women also, both in ancient and modern time.

Resolved, That government of all sciences is the most exalted and comprehensive, involving, as it does, all political, religious, educational and moral interests of the race.

Resolved, That to speak of the ballot as an article of merchandise and of the science of government as "the muddy pool of politics" is most demoralizing to a nation based on universal suffrage.

Resolved, That, as republican institutions are based on individual rights, the first question of the American people to determine is, not the rights of races or of sex, but the rights of individuals.

Resolved, That the present claim for manhood suffrage, sugar-coated with the words "equal," "impartial," "universal," etc., etc., is a fraud, calculated, if not designed, to mislead the honest friends of freedom both North and South, and cheat them into the acceptance of a measure which changes only the form of despotic power, while it leaves its spirit essentially unchecked and unrebuked.

Special Notices.

CONFERENCE OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania cordially invite the lovers of Truth and Humanity, without distinction of sect or name, to come to their Fifteenth Yearly Meeting, which will be held at Longwood, near Hamorton, Chester County, commencing on Fifth day (Thursday), the 6th of Sixth month (June), 1867, at 11 o'clock, a.m., and continuing three days.

This Religious Society, leaving its members free to construct their own creeds, seeks its bond of union in a common love of God and Humanity, and a common desire to labor for the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind. Its meetings are devoted, not to doctrinal disputation, or the working of ecclesiastical machinery, but to free discussion and action upon questions relating directly to the social, moral and religious improvement of the people. It aims to cultivate and cherish a piety free alike from superstition and bigotry, and springing from a filial confidence in God as the Father of every human being, and the Friend especially of the poor, the weak and the oppressed. Undervaluing not the records bequeathed to us of the truth as apprehended by prophets and apostles of the olden time, it reverences human nature more than any parchment, and endeavors to keep an open ear for the still, small voice of the Spirit, expecting to receive thereby fresh revelations of the Divine Will adapted to the needs of the soul in the present age. It has no disciplinary code, no priesthood, no ritual, no prescribed forms of worship; and its platform, under the necessary limitations of time and order, is free to all who may desire to take part in its proceedings.

The members of the Society in the region around Longwood will open their hearts and homes freely to strangers who may be drawn to the meeting; and the social life of the occasion is always one of its most attractive features.

Robert Collyer, minister of the Second Unitarian Society in Chicago, in reply to an invitation to attend the meeting, says: "I can conceive of no other call so welcome as this is, and, if I live and am well, you may count on me sure."

OLIVER JOHNSON,
ANNA MARY MARSHALL, } Clerks.

*** Communications for the meeting may be addressed, previous to June 4th, to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Independent* Office, New York; and while the meeting is in session, to Hamorton, Chester County, Pa.

Longwood meeting-house is near the village of Hamorton, thirty miles west of Philadelphia, on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad. Trains leave Philadelphia at 7:15 A.M. and 4:50 P.M., returning twice each day.

FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THE Nineteenth Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at the usual place, near Waterloo, on Friday, the 31st day of May next, and will continue through the two following days.

Aiming, as this meeting does, at the substance rather than the name, or any outer form of religious life—at culture and character, the humanities, rather than any speculation or observance or dogmatic worship—it invites to its deliberations all who are like-minded in this regard, all the earnest, thoughtful, inquiring, all sincere well-wishers for the race.

Gifted speakers from abroad will be present. Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, GILES B. STEBBINS, CHARLES D. B. MILLS, GEO. W. TAYLOR, EDWARD S. BUNKER, and others, are expected.

Communications for the meeting may be addressed to Phebe B. Dean, Waterloo, N. Y.

PHEBE B. DEAN,	AMY POST,
STEPHEN SHEAR,	WM. BARNES,
HENRY BONNEL,	MARY DOTY,
HARRIET A. MILLS,	ABRAM WEED,

Committee of Arrangements.

Waterloo, N. Y., April, 1867.

ATTRACTIONS IN CHESTER COUNTY, PA., NEXT WEEK. On the 5th inst. the Pennsylvania Radical Peace Society calls a Convention at West Chester, Pa., to continue day and evening, at which many of our prominent reformers will doubtless be present. On the following day, the 6th inst., to continue through three days, the Progressive Friends will meet at Longwood, which is but a short distance from West Chester; and stages will go across during these days. The cars leave Philadelphia at 7:15 a. m., and 4:50 p. m., returning twice each day. Comprehending, as these movements do, the most advanced and humantarian sentiments of the age, and holding to a pure, practical religious light and life, we count upon the meetings being highly interesting and important.

AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.—The proceedings of the recent Anniversary will be issued immediately in pamphlet form. The price will be twenty five cents the single copy. Persons desiring it, can apply by letter (money enclosed) to Susan B. Anthony, 464 West 34th street New York.

Advertisements.

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TRANSFIGURATION.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., DECEMBER 2, 1859.
WASHINGTON, D. C. DECEMBER 2, 1863.

BY JOHN J. PLATT.

[It was a coincidence, to which my attention was called by a brother of John Brown at the time in Washington, that Crawford's statue of Freedom (the work of putting which in bronze was executed by negroes who were or had been slaves in the employ of Clark Mills) was raised to its position on the dome of the national capitol on the anniversary of the execution at Charlestown four years previous, and at the same hour of the day.]

Four years ago the Saviour of the Slave
Took in his strong, brave arms a negro child—
Ere from the gallows to the martyr's grave
He passed—with manly blessing, deep and mild

O Land, however strong, too weak to do
Such office then! Like Christopher of old
In that poor child the lifted Christ he knew,
The great bond-breaker in his human hold!

O humbled Nation! to thy proudest place
Thou liftest yonder shape of Freedom now,
Where Morning shall be quick to see her face,
And Eve to bless with dew her sacred brow!

But he who seeks the soul within the form
In that bright shape shall see another sight:
A gray old man, holding, in calm or storm,
The unfettered child forever in the light!

—*Commonwealth.*

"GOOD-BYE."

Just as every one holds some days in the calendar dearer than others from the memories they evoke, so have most men favorite words which speak of past and fond associations. Indeed, many words are national favorites, and the consideration of the influences they exert upon national character opens a wild field of inquiry which philologists are too apt to neglect. What marvellous pages of history do we owe, both in ancient and modern times, to that one word, "Liberty!" Who can tell what depths of affection are stirred up in the Swiss peasant's heart by the "*Ranz des vaches*," or in the expatriated German, by hearing mention made of his "*vaterland?*" Amongst words most dear to a domestic people like ourselves, are "home," "welcome" and "good-bye." They recall some of the most touching remembrances of our life, instantaneously bringing before us scenes and conversations and persons around whom cluster the fondest memories. The mere mention of "good-bye" at once calls forth our sympathy. It is one of the dearest and yet saddest words in the language.

That "good-bye" eminently belongs to domestic life admits of easy demonstration. When the devoted three hundred parted from their friends before Thermopylæ, or when Regulus put aside his weeping wife before leaving Rome for Carthage, they bade them farewell. The fire of patriotism burned so fiercely within them that it consumed self and all the ordinary human affections. Their farewell (as we call it) was altogether objective and heroic. Again, when Mary Queen of Scots, as in that picture we can all so well remember, strained her eyes to catch the last faint outlines of "la belle France," she waved it her adieux. She left with it, once for all, her best wishes and fondest regret, and then betook herself resolutely to the task of taming rough Scotch hearts.

With the parting of the queen or the soldier are none of the tender associations contained in "good-bye;" it would not suit these cases, and is repugnant to the dignity of history. But whenever in daily life the heart parts from a person to whom it is deeply attached, it wishes him "good-bye." Just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so there must be two warm and responsive hearts for a true "good-bye," though one is amply sufficient for the more frigid "farewell." We can bid "good-bye" to a lovely prospect, or a subject which has long engaged our thoughts, or a house where we have been happy; but it is only because we personify them in some sort, and fondly dwell on them until affection has transfigured and rendered them sentient, as it were, to our regard. In common with all our noblest feelings, the sentiments of good will which find utterance in "good-bye" belong to our better nature. Of course custom in too many cases dulls the full perception of all that is contained in the fervent wish "God be with you!" but even in the porcine and leguminous affections of the agricultural laborer (to quote the type least removed from earth), next to the grief that refuses to be comforted because his bacon rations are scanty, must probably be placed his sensations on wringing his sweetheart's hand and saying, "Well, old girl, "gude-bye!"

"Good-bye" has an immense superiority in comprehensiveness over the ordinary valedictory formulas of the ancients, and in warmth of feeling over the modern "addio" and "adieu." Perhaps in the "*salve æternum æternumque vale*" of the Latin poet are best blended the two notions of good wishes from oneself to another—the subjective and objective views—that meet so happily in our "good-bye." The saddest side of the sentiment which finds vent in "good-bye" comes out in epitaphs. Its grief cannot be veiled even under those ludicrous creations of the village artist so often found in our country churchyards. Doubtless the sorrow of the parents for their son told in the epitaph—

Him shall no more come to we,
But us shall one day go to he,

was none the less poignant because expressed in the purest Devon dialect, of which the first rule for proficiency is that you misplace as much as possible the cases of all pronouns. In the boy's "good-bye" there is no sadness, for hope paints to-morrow in brighter colors than yesterday; manhood's "good-bye" is thoughtful, and slightly sad, for who can tell how often he may return? But the fulness of a sorrowing "good-bye" is in the old man's parting. Humanly speaking, he cannot reckon on another meeting after the briefest absence. A woman's "good-bye" is usually less of a trouble to her than it is to a man, except in cases where her affections are most concerned. He is more reflective, more apprehensive of change even in the commonplace partings of life. It is curious to remark how nature sympathises with our parting at some times more than at others. How much worse is it to part with a friend in Winter than in Summer, at evening than at midday, on a gloomy day than on a bright one! On such occasions nature seems more than usually clairvoyant of our souls.

No poet has expressed this more admirably than Dante—

Era gia' l' ora che volge il disio
Ai naviganti e intenerisce il core,
Lo di' c' han detto a' dolci amici addio,

though our own Tennyson has subtly seized on this tendency of nature to color our thoughts in the scarcely less beautiful lines—

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all the love below the verge.

Seeing that life is mainly made up of partings, it is no wonder that we dwell with the fondest affection on those separations where the intervening gulf is spanned by the electric heartiness of "good-bye." With us, the terminus of our good wishes in such a case is Heart's Content.

"Good-byes" are seldom pleasant. Perhaps they are least unpleasant at a country house in Autumn, when the natural feeling of regret as we part with one round of acquaintances is put to flight by the arrival of a fresh circle of friends. Then the sentiment so aptly expressed in Pope's celebrated line—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,

robs the "good-bye" of its bitterness. Still, this applies only to those remaining; departing friends are no wise aided in taking a philosophical parting by the remembrance of past happiness. Doubtless, as in every other parting, some of their eyes dwell with a last fond gaze on a loved face, or the walk beside the beck or the mountain side, purpled with heather and golden with gorse. For many a long day the cadence of that last song will linger in their ears, and memories of those restful hours haunt their dreams. Perhaps next year brings them back, and though everything seems much as usual, something is sure to be different. The old days never come back again. So man loves to think, and one by one we garner up the precious relics of the past into our hearts to be evoked in the fullness of future happiness, as a miser hangs over his store, or a lone man takes out of his desk a ribbon of a few faded violets, eloquent in their silence of other days and faces long moulded into dust. Such ghosts as these do not come to trouble joy, but rather to intensify it. They are echoes, mellowed by distance, of the most touching "good-byes" of life.

WOMAN-SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

The British Parliament has lately been strongly petitioned to grant a restricted right of suffrage to women. Two petitions, from 1,605 women, duly qualified in all respects except that of sex, and from 3,559 persons of all classes, which were presented by the Right Hon. Russell Gurney, M. P., and the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, M. P., respectively, were signed by a large number of clergymen, barristers, medical men, merchants and manufacturers, literary and professional women, and other persons, including the following ladies and gentlemen,—a list for worth and influence seldom surpassed in parliamentary annals:

The Dean of Canterbury; Rev. E. A. Abbott, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Mrs. Alford; R. Paul Amphlett, Esq., Q. C.; R. Arthur Arnold, Esq., Temple; Countess d'Avigdor; Prof. Bain, Aberdeen; Mrs. Bayne; Rev. E. W. Blore, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge; Miss Jessie Boucherett; Jacob Bright; Rev. H. G. de Bunsen; Rev. R. Burn, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge; Ingram Bywater, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford; Prof. Cairnes; W. B. Carpenter, Esq., M. D., F. R. S.; Edwin Chadwic, Esq., C. B.; Rev. W. L. Clay; Lieut.-Col. Cobbe; Wakefield; Frances Power Cobbe; Leonard H. Courtney, Esq., fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; D. Craig, Q. C.; W. E. Currey, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Hon. H. R. Curzon; Rev. Dr. Davidson; John Davy, M. D.; J. P. Ambleside; Matilda B. Edwards; William Farr, Esq., M. D.; Rev. Thomas Fowler, Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford; Elizabeth Garrett, L. S. A.; Miss Margaret Gillies; Lady Goldsmid; Miss Caroline Goldsmid; Miss Anna Maria Goldsmid; George Grote, Esq.; Mrs. Grote; Lady Haberfield; Rev. Newman Hill; J. Lempriere Hammond, Esq., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; James Hannan, Esq.; Thomas Hare, Esq.; W. Hargreaves, Esq.; G. W. Hastings, Esq.; Sara S. Hennel; W. P. Hiern, Esq., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Rev. T. Hewett, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge; M. D. Hill, Q. C.; Sir Rowland Hill; W. B. Hodgson, LL.D.; Rev. Arthur Holmes, Fellow and Lecturer of Clare College, Cambridge; Manley Hopkins; Mary Howitt; Margaret Howitt; Rev. T. Percy Hudson, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge; Prof. Huxley; Sir George Jenkinson, Bart.; Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge; Rev. Charles Kingsley; J. Boyd Kinnear; Rev. E. E. Kirkby, Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge; Isa Craig Knox; Lady Anna Gore Langton; Edwin Lankester, M. D.; Eliza Lynn Linton; Lady Julia Lockwood; J. Norman Lockyer; George McDonald; James Macdonell; Mrs. Manning; Rev. James Martineau; Harriet Martineau; Louisia M. Menzies; C. W. Moule, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; Frederic W. H. Myers, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Henry Nettleship, Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford; William Newmarch; F. R. S.; Prof. Newman; Mrs. Ogden, Lakefield, Windermere; Charles. H. Pearson, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford; John Peile, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; Miss L. F. March Phillips; Mrs. Russell Reynolds; B. W. Richardson, M. D.; Lady Richardson, Grasmere; H. J. Roby, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Humphry Sandwith, C. B.; Rev. W. C. Sidgwick, Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford; E. H. Sieveking, M. D.; Col. Slater; Goldwin Smith; Rev. R. B. Somerset, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Hon. John W. Strutt, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; J. A. Symonds, M. D., Clifton; Rev. John James Tayler; Mrs. P. A. Taylor; Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart.; Rev. Coutts Trotter, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; C. E. Turle, Cloisters, Westminster; Edward Walford, M. A.; T. Webster, Law Lecturer, Cambridge; Mrs. Hensleigh Wedgewood; John Westlake; Prof. John Wilson, Edinburgh; Susanna Winkworth; Rev. J. Wolstenholme, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; and James Yates, F. R. S.

HEROISM.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight—
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames,
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.

Emerson.

Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith.—Talfourd's attempt, in the "Final Memorials," to compare the dinners at Holland House with the suppers at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, is justly deemed infelicitous; but a striking contrast might be drawn between the host at the Temple and one of Lady Holland's most brilliant guests. Sydney Smith was a man of talent, common sense, acuteness, wit, who wrote "able reviews," worked for immediate objects, advocated practical reforms, was a man of his times. Many more bright speeches have been attributed to him than to Lamb, whose conceits needed the setting which he alone could give them. Smith's wit was communicable, for it was usually the brilliant expression of a common thought. His published works are read less and less, and his epigrams are passing into the service of dull men who possess good memories. But the best of Lamb's writings might have been written generations ago, and will be read generations to come. When Smith explodes antiquated fallacies, or unmasks imposing commonplaces, we admire the skill with which he smites a giant wrong, or whips off the head of a poor weed of an author; but Lamb shows us how to extract from the humble herbs, growing at every cottage door, antidotes for our sorrows; and how, while laughing at what is absurd, to discern what is beautiful in familiar objects, and to love what is lovely in the men and women of our acquaintance. Each lived and moved in a narrow circle,—Smith in the arena of party politics, Lamb in the fairy ring traced by his unique genius. Each failed to appreciate objects outside of his experience,—Smith because they were to him hostile realities, Lamb because they were to him unsubstantial forms. Both had rare endowments, but Lamb possessed the vision and the faculty divine.—*North American Review.*

An Extempore Discourse.—A young preacher of a prepossessing appearance, and an agreeable voice and manner, having mounted the pulpit, was suddenly seized with loss of memory, and completely forgot his sermon. To have come down again would have been disgraceful. If he tried to preach he had nothing to say. What was to be done in this extremity? He resolved to stand firm and make the most of his voice and gestures, without using any but imperfect or unconnected expressions, such as, in fact, but, if and again, to conclude, and so on. Never did a preacher appear to possess such fire. He bellowed, he uttered pathetic exclamations, he clapped his hands, he stamped with his feet. Everything shook about him, the very vault of the church echoed with his vehemence. The audience remained in profound silence; every one put forward his head, and redoubled his attention, to understand what was perfectly unintelligible. Those who were near the pulpit said, we are too near, we can hear nothing. Those who were farther off, regretted the distance at which they sat, thinking they were losing the finest things in the world. In short, the preacher kept his audience on the stretch for three-quarters of an hour, and retired with the applause of the whole audience, each of whom determined next time to choose his seat better, in order not to lose the fruits of such a discourse.—*Melange d'Hist. et de Lit.*

Poisoning by Silk Thread.—The silk thread employed by seamstresses is liable to aquire poisonous properties in consequence of a fraudulent practice described as follows:

"The value of the best quality varies from sixty to seventy francs a pound, and the material is sold wholesale by weight. For many years it has been the custom to increase the weight by steeping the silk in sugar and water, or in an infusion of gall-nuts; but this fraud not being found to yield sufficiently large profits, a patent was taken out for another plan, which consists in soaking the silk, whatever its color, in a bath of acetate of lead, and after drying the skeins, exposing them to a current of hydrosulphuric acid. The result is the deposition of a quantity of sulphuret of lead, which greatly adds to the weight of the thread, and, therefore, to its mercantile value. We are acquainted with a person at the head of an extensive dressmaker's establishment, who from the use of silk thus prepared, was attacked as well as her workwomen with painters' colic; some of the women even lost their teeth, in consequence of their habit of biting off the ends of the thread, an operation during which they absorb a portion of the lead attached to it."—*Rankin's Abstract.*

FREEDOM.

Once I wished I might rehearse
Freedom's pæan in my verse,
That the slave who caught the strain
Should throb until he snapped his chain.
But the Spirit said, "Not so;
Speak it not, or speak it low;
Name not lightly to be said,
Gift too precious to be prayed,
Passion not to be expressed
But by heaving of the breast:
Yet—wouldst thou the mountain find
Where this deity is shrined,
Who gives to seas and sunset skies
Their unspent beauty of surprise,
And, when it lists him, waken can
Brute or savage into man;
Or, if in thy heart he shine,
Blends the starry fates with thine,
Draws angels nigh to dwell with thee,
And makes thy thoughts archangels be
Freedom's secret wilt thou know?—
Counsel not with flesh and blood;
Loiter not for cloak or food;
Right thou feelest, rush to do."

Emerson.

INVENTIVE GENIUS OF COLORED MEN.

Singular Facts.—The first ruler to establish free trade, the hobby of the statesmen of the South and political economists the world over, was Toussaint L'Ouverture, Governor of Hayti, and an unmixed black. The first clock ever made in America was fashioned by Benjamin Bannaker, a negro, and the son of a Maryland slave. It was manufactured of wood, with the rudest tools, and modeled after a watch which theingenious African was permitted to examine, and, strange to say, kept the most accurate time. This same man afterward turned his attention to astronomy, and so successfully that he was soon able to make an excellent almanac, the first that was published in the United States. This was in the year 1792, and Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, sent a copy of it to Monsieur Condorcet, Secretary of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The great statesman also wrote the negro a congratulatory letter, in which he says: "Nobody wishes, more than I do, to see such proofs as you exhibit that nature has given to our black brethren talents equal to those of the other color of men, and that the appearance of the want of them is owing only to the degraded condition of their existence, both in Africa and America." And he subsequently invited the black astronomer to visit him at Monticello.—*S. F. Times.*

A colored boy of Corry, Pa., has invented a rifled battery, which is on exhibition at Buffalo. It throws one hundred and eight Minie balls at one discharge from percussion shell cartridges. The machine can be kept in continual operation.

Queer Wills.—Sir Joseph Jekyll left his fortune to pay the national debt. When Lord Mansfield heard of this, he said: "Sir Joseph was a very good man and a good lawyer, but his bequest was a very foolish one; he might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge with his full-bottomed wig." Lord Pembroke gave "nothing to Lord Say, which legacy I give him because I know he will bestow it on the poor;" and then, after giving equally peculiar legacies, he finished with: "Item—I give up the ghost." Dean Swift's character is exemplified in his will. Among other things he bequeathed to Mr. John Grattan, of Clommenthan, a silver box, "in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth called pigtail." The celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, left Pitt £10,000 for "the noble defence he had made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country." A similar bequest was not long since made to Mr. Disraeli. Bacon left a will appointing six executors, but no property except his name and memory, which he bequeathed to "men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next age." Others wrote their wills in verse, and as a specimen we will give that of William Jacket, of the parish of Islington, which was proved in 1787, when no witnesses were required to a will of personal estate:

I give and bequeath,
When I am laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters so dear,
The whole of my store,
Which God's goodness has granted me here;
And that none may prevent,
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least law racket,
With a solemn appeal,
I confirm, sign, and seal,
This the act and deed of Will Jacket.

A Field for Missionaries.—We doubt if a more demoralized heathendom or a more debasing kind of slavery can be found in any Christian country than exists among the labor gangs in the eastern counties of England. Nearly all the lighter work of agriculture is done by gangs of twenty to forty boys and girls, from six years old to twenty, who go from farm to farm under a driver, and work early and late, under a system which tasks to the utmost their physical powers. They walk long distances, and work long hours. They pig together with no more regard for the decencies of life than the animals. They are as ignorant and as vicious as it is possible to conceive. The children get no education except in depravity. Examined by the Commisioners they were found not to know the country in which they lived, or the name of the gracious Sovereign who reigns over them. They overwhelm a stranger with blasphemy and obscenity. Clergymen and magistrates, who had the best means of knowing, agreed that virtue—female virtue—was unknown among them from the tenderest age. If any of our missionary and abolition societies are out of work here is a prolific field for their labors.

MY CHILD.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

Not there: where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear,
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives, nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt meet me there?"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, Thine afflicted one to bear,
That in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our joy to find that he is there.

Rev. John Pierpont.

Mutations of Fortune.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from Indianapolis, says: "While passing through the Union depot a few days ago, I was accosted by a one-armed man, in faded army blue. His apparent familiarity surprised me at first, but I soon recognized him as an old acquaintance. I first saw him fourteen years ago working at a windlass in the gold diggings of Australia. He and his three partners hoisted by that windlass, from one shaft, more than $800,000. A few months later I bade him good-bye, as he sailed from Melbourne for New York, with $200,000 in bills of exchange in his pocket. I next saw him a wounded rebel soldier, lying on the battle-field of Antietam. A little more than a year later I saw him as a Union soldier, lying in the hospital in Tennessee. To-day he is a helpless wanderer, dependent on charity for a dinner.

Insects, Fabricators of Iron.—It is well known that some insects are skilful spinners, but it was not known that some of them fabricated iron. A Sweedish naturalist, M. de Sjogreen, has published a curious memoir on this subject. The insects in question are almost microscopic; they live beneath certain trees, especially in the province of Smaland, and they spin, like the silk-worms, a kind of ferruginous cocoons, which constitute the mineral known under the name of "lake ore," and which is composed of from twenty to sixty per cent. of oxide of iron mixed with oxide of manganese ten per cent. of chloric, and some centimetres of phosphoric acid. The deposits of this mineral may be 200 metres long, from five to ten metres wide, and from eight to thirty inches thick.—*Medical News, from Revue de Therap. Med.-Chirurg.*

The Dwellings of the Poor.—Oh! if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring when they live in dense and squalid masses, where social decency is lost, or never found; if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and great houses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in by-ways where only poverly may walk—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky, than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt and crime, and horrible disease, to mock them by its contrast. In hollow voices from workhouse, hospital and jail this truth is preached from day to day and has been proclaimed for years. It is no light matter—no outcry from the working vulgar—no mere question of the people's health and comforts, that may be whistled down on Wednesday nights. In love of home, the love of country has its rise; and who are the truer patriots or the better in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all that they produce? or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?—*Charles Dickens.*

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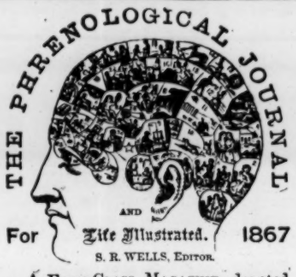

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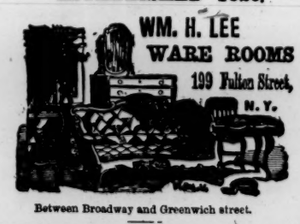
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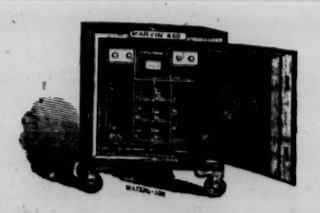

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